

The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LXXXXI

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 16, 1937

NUMBER 1176

Contents

The Week.....	141
Editorials	
Behind the Steel Strike.....	144
Writers' Congress.....	145
Yale Still on Trial.....	145
Mr. Baldwin Retires.....	146
General Articles	
Railroad King: New Style.....	T. R. B. 147
Origins of Socialism: II.....	Edmund Wilson 149
Impressions of Spain: II.....	H. N. Brailsford 152
The Steel Strike.....	Mary Heaton Vorse 154
Washington Notes.....	T. R. B. 156
Other People's Money.....	John T. Flynn 157
Formal Master, Fundamental Source...	Stark Young 158
These Three to See.....	Otis Ferguson 159
The Bandwagon.....	160
Correspondence	161
Books in Review	
The Tedious Archangel.....	Newton Arvin 163
The Next-to-Last Democracy....	Norbert Guterman 163
Trotsky's Case.....	Bertram D. Wolfe 164
The Horrors.....	Frances Winwar 165
The Liberal in War.....	Robert Morss Lovett 166
Faith without Works.....	Richard Vaughan 167
Books in Brief.....	168

The Week

THE strike for a union contract with Republic Steel, Youngstown Sheet and Tube and Inland Steel continued with increasing bitterness. The strikers appealed for federal aid in enforcing collective bargaining under the Wagner Act; the employers demanded forcible intervention to make possible the delivery of food by mail to company men within the plants. "Independent" unions were formed to lead men back to work. . . . The aggressive spirit of newly organized labor was shown by a brief general strike in Lansing, Michigan, to obtain the release of pickets arrested in a local strike, one of them the wife of the leader, who was taken from her home and children at night. . . . The CIO won several victories in votes among New York transportation workers. . . . The Newspaper Guild prepared to sever its affiliation with the A.F. of L. and join the CIO, enlarging its jurisdiction to include business-office employees. . . . An administration bill, introduced by Senator Norris, embodied the President's power and conservation policies by proposing to duplicate the TVA in seven other re-

gions. . . . Hearings on the wages-and-hours bill brought favorable testimony from Assistant Attorney General Robert H. Jackson, the A.F. of L. and John L. Lewis, among others. . . . A compromise on the Court bill was again rumored, but nothing was done. . . . The new farm bill seemed to have hard sledding.

THOUGH the "Deutschland"-Almeria incident blew over, the future of intervention in Spain remained uncertain. Great Britain and France tried to obtain the reëtry of Germany and Italy into the Non-Intervention Committee by a formula defining zones of safety in which the patrolling warships might remain and requiring consultation of the four powers regarding any action to be taken if the ships were in future attacked by a belligerent. . . . General Mola, one of the ablest strategists of the Spanish rebels, and second only to General Franco, was killed in an airplane accident. It was expected that this would hamper the rebel cause. . . . The fighting for Bilbao continued indecisively, at least up to June 8. . . . In Germany the warfare between Nazis and Catholics flared into open violence when Nazis attacked Catholic youths who had been attending church. This was perhaps the first occasion since Hitler's accession to power upon which any considerable resistance to his terrorism was exhibited. . . . An American citizen named Hirsch was beheaded, having been convicted on the charge of possessing an infernal machine with which he intended to assassinate a Nazi leader. Intervention by our diplomatic representatives had no influence. . . . Prime Minister Chamberlain of Britain yielded to business pressure by abandoning his excess-profits tax for armament, explaining that he was convinced he was wrong and had a better way to raise the money. . . . Of more interest to most American readers than all these important events was the wedding of the Duke of Windsor to Mrs. Wallis Simpson, solemnized not only by civil authorities but by a simple-hearted English curate, who defied the will and intent of the English Church.

THE steel companies against which the SWOC is now striking, aided by certain Senators and editors, are trying to arouse indignation against the strikers on the ground that they are interfering with the United States mails. The sovereign power of the

federal government should be invoked, according to this view, to see that the mails go through. Did not President Cleveland call out troops to crush a railway strike, on the same grounds? But when the facts are investigated, it becomes apparent that the employers are trying to trick Uncle Sam into doing their dirty work for them. One of their problems is to get food through the picket lines to the men remaining in the plants. In order to do this in an open way, it might be necessary to fight the pickets. If protection for these shipments is necessary and justified, that would seem to be within the province of local law-enforcement agencies. But the employers have hit upon the device of sending the food by mail. Then, if mail trucks are stopped, they expect the United States government to help them win by enforcing delivery of the food. The Post Office takes the reasonable position that while it will (and does) deliver normal mail at the regular company offices, it will not act as strikebreaker by accepting shipments of food to be delivered within the plant. In this controversy the employers show a good deal of effrontery in trying to enlist the forcible support of the government, since they are themselves challenging the plain intent of the federal law to assure the collective-bargaining rights of labor. This law expresses a public policy to safeguard the rights of legitimate unions; and the refusal of the employers to make contracts with such unions is obviously intended to injure their bargaining power.

FROM time to time we have reprinted portions of the government's secret instructions to the press that have leaked out of Germany and Italy. They form a vivid blueprint of exactly how public opinion is manipulated under a fascist dictatorship. Herewith we reprint from *The Manchester Guardian* some of the secret instructions issued by Mussolini that shed revealing light on recent Italian policy:

Jan. 16.—Give no news of the bombing of civilian populations by Spanish Nationalists; and above all deny that it was done by Italian or German aviators.

Jan. 25.—Complete silence on the fact that the Hungarian Chief of Military Staff has been in Milan.

Feb. 9.—Do not describe the military situation of the Spanish Reds as disastrous. Be less optimistic.

Feb. 17.—Do not give any news of the coming of Dr. Schuschnigg to Italy; his forthcoming marriage with a society lady; or his dissolution of the Austrian Fascist Party.

Feb. 20.—Begin and continue a strong campaign against Czechoslovakia.

Feb. 26.—Insist on the eventuality of Eden's leaving the Foreign Office. Have sent from London news of Eden's dismissal.

March 5.—Do not reproduce facts about the metal reserves of the Bank of Italy published in the French papers. Suppress entirely news of the arrival at Naples of wounded volunteers coming from Spain and transported by our hospital ships.

March 17.—Be sure not to give the impression that there is a suspension of military activity in Spain. Be careful how you give the news about the girl who made an attempt on the life of M. Chambrun and who

in the past frequented certain military quarters in Rome.

March 31.—Do not reproduce the speeches of Queipo de Llano, which are too idiotic and far removed from realities.

April 14.—It is absolutely forbidden to reproduce from the foreign press information about the new functions that will be given General Franco and about the replacement of Spanish generals in the high command.

May 6.—It is absolutely forbidden to publish any articles or make any reference whatever to the British government; limit yourselves purely to Stefani. Emphasize the news about the big crowd at Rome for tomorrow's review.

May 10.—Stress any unfortunate incident that may happen during the coronation celebrations; disparage the importance of the political conversations in London.

ONE of the most important bills to be introduced in this Congress is that sponsored in the Senate by Mr. Norris, extending the principles of the TVA to a much larger part of the country by authorizing the establishment of seven new regional authorities for flood control, power development, soil conservation and other important public purposes. This bill would provide us with an instrumentality to carry out the recommendations of the reports of the Mississippi Valley Committee, the Great Plains Committee and other governmental bodies which have made such excellent studies of soil erosion, land planning and related problems. It would at the same time give an impetus to rational power development under public auspices that are capable of protecting the consumer. As all readers of the reports in question know, you cannot control floods without stopping erosion, or stop erosion without dealing with the flow of waters, both big and little; you cannot do either without affecting navigation and water power. They are connected enterprises that must be tackled in a connected way. Incidentally, the Supreme Court in its final decision day of the session took an action that may hold up development of public power distribution throughout the country. The right of the PWA to grant loans for municipal power plants had been challenged and upheld in a lower court; the Supreme Court consented to review this decision, and it cannot do so until next fall. In the meantime, the rights of the government in this respect are uncertain.

ORGANIZED newspaper workers are expressing their preference for the CIO in the most direct way possible. As we go to press, the national convention of the American Newspaper Guild in St. Louis is in the midst of action to withdraw from the American Federation of Labor and affiliate with the CIO. Numerous Guild locals as well as the international executive board have strongly recommended the move. It is also indicated that the Guild will take the related step of enlarging its jurisdiction to include business-office, advertising and circulation-department employees as well as editorial workers. This

enlarged jurisdiction has been denied to the Guild by William Green. John L. Lewis has promised and endorsed it as a furtherance of industrial-union principles. The move of the Newspaper Guild to join the CIO indicates a strengthening of the progressive attitude in the Guild since it was founded, and comes during a period of rapid growth and organizational success. Reports at the convention showed a total present membership of 11,112 as compared with 5,716 a year ago.

ON Palm Sunday, twenty persons were killed and 150 or more wounded at Ponce, Puerto Rico. The occasion was a parade of Puerto Rican Nationalists, who are agitating for independence from the United States. A permit had been granted for this parade by the acting mayor of Ponce, and then revoked at the last moment. Of those killed, eighteen were paraders and two were police. The incident has now been investigated by a committee of the American Civil Liberties Union, including Arthur Garfield Hays, well known New York attorney who is general counsel for the ACLU, the presidents of the Puerto Rican Bar Association, Medical Association and Teachers' Association, and others, including the editors of several Puerto Rican newspapers. The report of this committee constitutes a burning indictment of Governor Blanton Winship. The committee says that the paraders were unarmed and were shot down in cold blood by the police (the two policemen were presumably shot in cross-fire by their fellows). Newspaper photographers took a number of pictures of the scene which show clearly that the police were the aggressors; they fired with submachine guns and repeating rifles into the paraders, who included women and children, before the crowd had advanced more than a step or two. One excited policeman shot down a little girl and then riddled her body with bullets. Governor Winship is blamed for the deaths because it was his policy that forbade the parade.

THREE important pieces of news from Soviet Russia were published in American papers at the beginning of this week, one favorable and two otherwise. The good news was the announcement of the Third Five Year Plan which will go into effect on the first of next January, following the completion of the Second. The Russians, believing that they have already surpassed Europe in the field of industrial production, will have as their slogan "to overtake and surpass America" before the end of 1942. The new plan is expected to accomplish more than the first and second ones combined. The items of bad news are closely related. One of them said that the nationwide fear of "Trotskyism" and the general spy hunt that it has engendered are hurting industrial activity. Frightened executives, fearful of doing the wrong thing, are doing nothing, while they overwhelm their superiors with a mass of requests for orders, through which they hope to shift the burden of responsibility to someone else. The

other item reports that the general purge is especially severe among the Soviet writers. A very large number of well known novelists, playwrights and journalists are under suspicion, or have actually been punished, for Trotskyism, or for leading too luxurious lives and losing touch with the working masses. The victory for the artist won some years ago when RAPP was abolished and free creative expression encouraged, seems to have been lost, in large part, through special favoritism, the creation of cliques and enormous monetary rewards. The Russians are still learning the painful lesson that compulsory adherence to the proletarian cause can create as many difficulties as compulsory adherence to any other.

IN The New York Times of May 19 there appeared a dispatch written by G. L. Steer, Bilbao correspondent of The Times of London, describing the attack by the Spanish rebels on the town of Galdacano. The editors of The New York Post noticed some discrepancies between Mr. Steer's dispatch as it appeared in New York and London, and reprinted one paragraph in two versions, as follows:

NEW YORK TIMES REPRINT

This afternoon the insurgents also bombed Galdacano, which lies well within the inner fortifications of Bilbao. A heavy bomb fell on a refuge and penetrated the roof, killing ten civilians and wounding many others.

LONDON TIMES ORIGINAL

This afternoon the insurgents bombed Galdacano, which lies well within the inner fortifications of Bilbao. A refuge in the middle of an empty field was destroyed by three Heinkel 111 bombers, which dropped six bombs in a line on it. It was crowded with women and children. Fifteen dead bodies have been taken out and many others are still buried. The historic church of Galdacano was also destroyed.

As The Post says, the changes made by The New York Times seem significant. They conceal the fact that the refuge was bombed deliberately, that it was crowded with women and children, that the bombing was done by German planes and that "the historic church of Galdacano" was destroyed. The number of dead is reduced from fifteen to ten. The Post has asked publicly that The Times explain this extraordinary piece of editing; but so far as we know, such an explanation has not yet been made. If it comes, we promise to report it to our readers.

BELATED sign of spring: he is a learned professor from Paris who has been making a scholarly tour of investigation in the United States. Back in New York, he was reporting with brilliant profundity on what he had seen. He described sit-down strikes in Detroit, farmer unrest in Iowa, isolationism in Kansas, the new social vision exemplified in the TVA. Then a faraway look came into his eye

and he made an addendum to his report: "And finally," he said, "I wish to observe that the young women on the campus of the University of Wisconsin are the most beautiful group of youthful females I have ever seen anywhere in the world."

Behind the Steel Strike

THE PRESENT steel strike offers us a social phenomenon that surely requires an explanation, if we look even for a moment beneath the surface. At least seven men have been killed and many others wounded in one outbreak of police violence; other clashes may occur any moment. About 80,000 men are idle; millions of dollars are being lost in profits and wages. The railroads serving the steel districts have had to lay off many employees. Mayors, Governors, even the national government, are being involved and embarrassed. One would think that a gigantic struggle of this kind must have been occasioned by a dispute about something of importance. Yet the issue of the quarrel, when one looks at it in an objective and common-sense way, seems almost ludicrous. The strike did not occur because the workers asked for shorter hours or higher wages or better working conditions than the employers concerned said they were willing to grant. It did not occur because these employers declined to confer with the union about the workers' demands. (Or at least the employers, if unwilling to confer, did consent to do so in obedience to the federal law on the subject.) The strike arose merely because the employers refused to embody in a signed contract with the union the same terms that they were ready to grant in verbal conference—the same terms on the basis of which U. S. Steel and hundreds of independents have already made peace.

Such a dispute can hardly be called economic. Apparently, for nothing more than reluctance to put his signature on a piece of paper, Mr. Tom Girdler of Republic Steel, as well as the officials of the Youngstown and Inland companies, are ready to toss millions of dollars out of the window. He is willing to see men killed and wounded. Is he merely trying to prove that his word is as good as his bond? Is his honor so sensitive that he insists on provoking an industrial war rather than to incur a written obligation to perform what he will promise by word of mouth? Or, on the other hand, are these thousands of workers so distrustful of his good faith that they wish to make great sacrifices, perhaps to risk their lives, in order to force him to sign? Do they think that by striking they will gain material advances that they could not achieve without ceasing work? It is absurd to believe that either side is moved by a rational desire for gain—or even a wish to avoid loss.

No, the issue, like the issue in most wars, is a symbol that embodies unrecognized and unreasoned emotional drives. Mr. Girdler has been fighting and hating unions all his life, as have many of the other

steel masters. Before his promotion to be active head of Republic Steel, he was in charge of the private police of Jones and Laughlin, another big steel independent. To sign a contract with a union would undoubtedly constitute, to him, a recognition of the legitimacy of something to which he is profoundly antagonistic. It would be as great a moral wrench as for a fanatical follower of Martin Luther to kiss the papal ring. Circumstances have made him ready to establish conditions as good as the union wants; another traditional loyalty—obedience to the law—has forced him to consent to talk with union leaders. But he will not go a step beyond what the law requires. It does say that he must bargain, but it does not say that he must sign a contract to embody the result of the bargain. Therefore, sign a contract he will not, though the skies fall. To do so would injure his self-esteem, his sense of prestige and mastery. It would hand over to John L. Lewis and the other union leaders the authority or influence over the workers that he cherishes as rightfully his own. What do a few dollars or lives count as against such profound considerations?

The men, on their side, are revolting against this very assertion of mastery, just as boys sometimes revolt against a stern father. They will not accept as a mere gift, to be withdrawn at the will of the giver, what they have come to believe is theirs by right. They have organized to protect their own; they have asserted their independence by group action; they have entrusted their interests to new protectors. They cannot believe that their welfare will be served unless there is a visible sign of surrender on the part of the boss against whom they have decided to enforce their will. They need a symbol of victory and independence; it means more to them than all the tangible gains that might be offered, perhaps more even than life itself.

Both sides, of course, present arguments in support of their positions that are stated in rational terms. Mr. Girdler's argument is essentially that one thing leads to another, and that if he gives in on this occasion the union will eventually demand the closed shop. The closed shop, in turn, is supposed to be the death of the self-reliance and efficiency of the individual worker. The strikers, on their side, feel the need of permanence and power for their organization so that it may serve their interests in the future, so that after the present emergency disappears they may still be able to have a say about their industrial lives. It is possible to argue at length about both positions. If reason were all that counted, we should say that the strikers had much the better of the argument, and that the three big steel independents would be well advised to grant its validity. But the reasons given are not the driving forces behind the dispute, and neither side can or will be convinced by the other, at least until after the argument is settled by other means.

The attitude embodied by Mr. Girdler was until recently that of the steel employers as a whole. It was a great surprise when reason and moderation

prevailed in the case of U. S. Steel and, by virtue of its example, in much of the rest of the industry. Resentment against this action, and a will to upset it, naturally remained among at least a part of the steel masters. Long traditions are not violated so easily. One could wish that the executives of the three big independents had as realistic a view of the new circumstances and as great a capacity to adjust to them as did President Taylor of U. S. Steel. But one must recognize that ability to understand and make adjustments of this kind requires a high degree of self-knowledge and emotional balance that is not frequently produced in big-business executives by the unreflective and highly competitive character of American life. One can hope only to try to show these gentlemen how ridiculous their action can be, even if judged by the hard-boiled profit standards which they proclaim.

Writers' Congress

IT IS a wonder to us how writers ever succeed in organizing an affair like their National Congress in New York City, which ended on June 6. They are members of the most individualistic profession that exists. They are used to working absolutely alone; Wall Street brokers are by comparison a bunch of Red collectivists. Yet they did manage to get together, and to fill Carnegie Hall with an interested audience, and to continue thereafter with two days of discussion that was generally of great interest and in part quite carefully prepared.

It is true that their lack of organization played hob with some of their plans. At Carnegie Hall, for example, the delegates were seated on the stage where they could hear only snatches of what the speakers were saying. In the later sessions at the New School, the most interesting discussions went on in the lobby and the corridors instead of on the rostrum. There was everywhere a great deal of generally amiable confusion, mixed with the Trotskyite quarrel that seems to be a necessary feature of every public meeting (like the stout gentleman with a cough). Some of the scheduled speakers couldn't arrive; some of the best speakers were unscheduled. Perhaps the best of all was Ernest Hemingway, who had never before addressed an audience. There was so much earnest feeling behind the congress that it kept moving steadily ahead and ended with the feeling of something accomplished.

Mr. Bernard DeVoto of *The Saturday Review* has challenged the Congress to produce evidence of concrete results. Just what he wants in this line isn't clear, whether it may be a bloc of congressmen elected or a billion-dollar endowment raised or simply a new post office built in Jersey City. Obviously the real job of writers is to write books and obviously no congress can write their books for them. But books are written out of a fund of knowledge and emotion and ideas. At a writers' congress the knowledge and the ideas, if not the emotions, can

be and actually were exchanged and clarified; the concrete results of this may appear five years later, and in unexpected quarters. Meanwhile a more immediate result is the growth of professional solidarity among writers and the founding of a new organization to advance the aims that most of them share.

Yale Still on Trial

THE PAST week saw two more developments in the case of Jerome Davis, whose dismissal by Yale University was discussed in a special supplement to *The New Republic* (November 18, 1936) and several times subsequently. Yale has now issued a statement claiming that the report of the investigating committee of the American Association of University Professors constitutes a vindication of the University's action. The AAUP report was summarized briefly on page 86 of *The New Republic* for June 2; anyone who has read the document knows that the Yale interpretation of it is simply not true. For the University to go out of its way to make a statement of this sort comes dangerously close to persecution of a member of its faculty dismissed under circumstances which in our opinion have been clearly shown to violate academic freedom.

Still another report on the Davis case has now been made, that of the Tenure Committee of the National Education Association. This is the fourth report made by committees of professors on the case, and all four are in substantial agreement, although the AAUP document, for reasons we do not understand, is markedly less forthright than the others. The National Education Association says that (1) the reasons given for Davis' dismissal have varied from time to time and from one official to the other. Taken together, they are contrary to the weight of the evidence and do not constitute a valid reason for the action taken; (2) Yale officials have refused to assist the NEA committee and other professional groups engaged in investigating the case and this "is not in the best interest of the teaching profession or the cause of education"; (3) Professor Davis should be restored to his position; (4) he was entitled to a written statement of the charges against him and a public hearing with the right to defend himself; (5) similar action should be taken in the future in all cases of faculty men who have served a probationary period of reasonable length (elsewhere set at three years).

With all the documents which in the past few months have been piled on one another, the outline of the Davis case is not altered. No important statement made in the original *New Republic* supplement has been successfully challenged. Professor Davis has been dismissed and no adequate reason has been given. There is clear evidence that the chief reason for the dismissal, if not the only one, was Professor Davis' expression of his liberal political and social views, which grated upon conserva-

tive members of the Corporation, Yale alumni and former President Angell. His dismissal remains a blot on Yale's record which will only be removed when there is acknowledgment of error and restitution.

Yale's action looks all the worse by comparison with the handsome gesture recently made in a similar situation at Harvard. President Conant, challenged because of the two-year terminating appointments given Dr. J. Raymond Walsh and Dr. Alan R. Sweezy in the Department of Economics, has asked nine senior members of the Harvard faculty to review the whole affair, with a virtual promise to accept their recommendation. There could be no better news for friends of Yale and friends of free speech than for President Seymour and the Yale Corporation to take similar action in the Davis case.

Mr. Baldwin Retires

THERE is a striking parallel between May 28, 1937, in British history and March 4, 1929, in that of the United States. Despite some important differences, there were strong similarities between Calvin Coolidge and Stanley Baldwin; and Harold J. Laski tells us that Neville Chamberlain is very like Herbert Hoover. Mr. Hoover's administration threw a backward light on Mr. Coolidge, making him seem better than he was; and the same thing may happen to Mr. Baldwin's reputation. Already, so we are told, the attitude toward him, even among those who have the best cause to regret many of his actions, comes close to veneration.

This is the more surprising when we recall the course of British history in the fourteen years during which he has served either as Prime Minister or as the Tory leader behind Ramsay MacDonald, who during much of that time was hardly more than a figurehead for Mr. Baldwin and his friends. Those fourteen years have seen three great crises—the general strike of 1926, the financial dilemma of 1931, and the enforced abdication of King Edward VIII. Any of these might well have destroyed a man without the peculiar qualities of Mr. Baldwin. During his service in office England went backward in many ways, both at home and abroad; but luckily for Mr. Baldwin, other countries were retrogressing still more rapidly at the same time, so that the British public had an illusion of progress, like that felt by a railroad passenger who is confused by the reverse motion of the train on the next track.

This Conservative leader saw the death of the League, the first blow at which was British refusal to protest Japan's invasion of Manchuria. He saw the end of all treaties of naval limitation and Great Britain embarked upon a rearmament program for which an American equivalent would be the expenditure of \$22,000,000,000 in five years. Before that, he had seen both Hitler and Mussolini snap their fingers under the nose of the British Lion and get away with it. He had seen the steady alienation of

India continue under measures which, though he prevented them from being quite as bad as the diehards wanted, he did not make good enough to change the mind of a single Indian leader. He put Great Britain on a footing of high tariffs and imperial preference, of extremely dubious economic value.

Although by comparison with American backwardness, many of the measures supported by the Baldwin Tories look like semi-socialism, the record of his government makes a very different picture to the British working class. He did almost nothing to ameliorate the frightful poverty of the "depressed areas," including particularly coal and shipbuilding. The Trade Disputes Act of 1927 and the Incitement to Disaffection Law were both put through with his consent. While he can hardly be blamed for the virtual collapse of the Labor Party and the loss of Ramsay MacDonald as an effective leader, history may record the judgment that he would have served England better if he had not connived at the crumbling of the opposition and the creation of virtually a one-party system.

In the case of a man like this, there is always curiosity as to the secret of his hold on the public. How did he manage to retain the affection and respect of millions of people even while his policies so often ended in disastrous failure? One simple reason is that he possessed the art, so useful in public life, of managing to blame others when things went badly and to take the credit when they went well, even though the attributions were unfair in both cases. He shares with President Roosevelt another essential quality of the new-style statesman: an extremely effective radio presence and voice. Beyond all this, in our judgment, he benefited from the appearance, not always a justified one, of imperturbability. When he was in a tight corner, he just smoked his pipe and said nothing. As always happens in such cases, the public attributed silence, not to the fact that he had nothing to say, but to serene confidence and wisdom too deep for utterance. He personified the old British ideal of John Bull. He muddled through, or at any rate he muddled, and the adoring public supplied the preposition.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1937, IN THE U. S., BY EDITORIAL PUBLICATIONS, INC., 40 EAST 49TH STREET, NEW YORK.

EDITORS

BRUCE BLIVEN MALCOLM COWLEY R. M. LOVETT
GEORGE SOULE STARK YOUNG

ASSISTANT EDITORS

T. R. CARSKADON OTIS FERGUSON ELIZABETH HULING

TREASURER: DANIEL MEBANE

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

HAMILTON BASSO H. N. BRAILSFORD JOHN T. FLYNN
WALDO FRANK E. C. LINDEMAN W. P. MANGOLD
JON. MITCHELL LEWIS MUMFORD R. G. TUGWELL

RATES: SINGLE COPIES, FIFTEEN CENTS; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIVE DOLLARS; CANADIAN, FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS; FOREIGN, SIX DOLLARS; THREE MONTHS' TRIAL, ONE DOLLAR.

Railroad King: New Style

THE LATEST bargain-counter sale of the Van Sweringen railroad empire was made on April 24. Two days afterwards, at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel in New York, the buyers became the subjects of a favorable publicity boom which possibly came to an end in exactly thirty days, on Capitol Hill in Washington. The subjects of the publicity were Robert R. Young and Frank F. Kolbe, New York Stock Exchange brokers who bought control of the \$3,000,000,000, 23,000-mile railroad system. Young is the dominant partner. According to Senator Wheeler's testimony in the railroad investigation in Washington, Young's contribution to the amount paid to George A. Ball, Muncie glass-jar manufacturer, for the controlling common stock was \$255,000—control of these 3,000 millions for \$85 per million.

Young and Kolbe are forty, affable, mindful that they are dealing with TNT of high finance, and mindful of their public relations. The cultivation of these relations was one of their biggest achievements. Two days after they signed the contract to buy, the newspapers were invited to a "reception," as press reports later described it, at the Waldorf Astoria. The reporters came and met Mr. Young, Mr. Kolbe, edibles, drinks and press releases.

The newspapermen formed a favorable opinion of their hosts. The new super-executives of the Alleghany Corporation railroad system expressed full approval of government regulation and deep devotion to the public good. One of the press releases was by Mr. Ball, the seller. It furnished some biographical notes. Young, it said, was a "product" of Texas, Kolbe of Michigan; Kirby, their silent partner in the scheme, was from Pennsylvania. That Young had come to the city of Wall Street and of financial power years before, and had been associated at one time or another with the duPonts and General Motors, was information that inquiring Senators developed later.

Nine days after this first meeting with the reporters, Young and his associates paid their money and deposited in their strongbox the control of railroad corporations whose lines stretch from the port of New York to the Rocky Mountains, from Virginia tidewater to Canada, from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico.

Washington higher-ups were visited by these men or their agents shortly before they bought their large slice of the financial government of the country. High executives of General Motors who were to share in the purchase went along to see Senator Wheeler, chairman of the Railroad Investigating Committee. The General Motors group, Young testified later, thought there was nobody in the country

who could run these railroads so well as they could; he had privately reported that there were political reasons why the purchase of this empire should be known as a General Motors deal; but Wheeler evidently told them there would be a full investigation, and the General Motors people dropped out promptly, because they did not "desire to stand the gaff of a Washington investigation."

Withdrawal of this money support did not impede Young's climb up the holding-company ladder. He had already written a letter to the son of a very, very rich man named Kirby, resident at Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania. This letter glittered with sales talk telling the junior Kirby that there might not be enough left of this purchase "to go around" but that it might be possible to let Kirby in. Upon receipt of the letter, Kirby telephoned Young long-distance almost immediately. Before Kirby got through, he had put up the lion's share of the money, while Young pocketed the control.

Despite these incidents, Young and Kolbe made almost as favorable an impression on the Washington correspondents as they had ten days earlier on the New York financial reporters. The partners vied with Senator Wheeler in their eagerness for reform. They saw "no object in getting control of these railroad systems off into holding companies." They agreed that widows, orphans and banks all get "gypped" by holding companies. Kolbe indicated that he was not in favor of putting control of such an empire into the hands of a few individuals. Young agreed with Senator Wheeler that there ought to be a law to prevent control getting into one man's hands on so comparatively slender an investment as that by which Young now controls the Alleghany system. He and Kolbe repeatedly told of their intention to dismantle the holding companies with the greatest practicable dispatch. Both agreed that a government department like the Interstate Commerce Commission should have the power to supervise the dismantling process.

Even when Young missed his cue, he was quick to correct any impression that he was lacking in devotion to reform. Such an occasion arose when Senator Wheeler demonstrated from Kolbe's own correspondence file that the Alleghany common stock had no property values behind it—in other words, that Young's control of the empire was based on securities that were the ghost of departed values or a dream of future values, not so different today from what used to be called watered stock; if Young got anything out of his revamping of that holding company, it might possibly have to be at the expense of its other security holders. Kolbe struggled valiantly to repel the Senator's contention, which had such implications. Finally Young

came to his partner's rescue. He blurted out that the railroads have not been permitted to charge shippers enough and that in consequence "the railroad investor has been most badly and sadly persecuted." This disinterment of long buried error caused as much amazement as would the appearance of a dinosaur today. Young, quick on the trigger, said that he had used the wrong word when he talked of persecution. But he reiterated his complaint about the rate structure, and with evident concern called the Committee's attention to the fact that the railroads were facing wage increases.

Young and Kolbe were particularly urgent in proving that their minds and their hearts were free of any interest or desire to control the empire. Some of Kolbe's memoranda and letters showed that he had discussed the question of control with the Van Sweringen bankers, J. P. Morgan and Company and First National Bank of New York, and with Donaldson Brown of General Motors; but Kolbe assured the Senators that these gentlemen, like Messrs. Young and Kolbe, were not interested in control. In fact, so they both testified, they intended to deprive themselves of the voting control over the railroad system by dismantling the holding companies. Wheeler confronted Kolbe with proof that he had frequently expressed much interest in control and had even suggested the possibility of using, for this purpose, a voting trust—a financial gadget especially abhorred in Congress. Kolbe indicated that he had interested himself in the subject only because it seemed to be of interest to people other than himself and his associates.

Finally, the Senator produced a letter written by Young from Florida to his partner in New York, two months before they bought the kingship of the empire. In this letter Young said: "If the thing cannot be handled more or less as you and I dictate, then I cannot see the point of locking ourselves up in it. . . . Either this is 100-percent a Young, Kolbe and Company controlled situation, or I would rather not 'play ball.'" Young sought to prevent unfair constructions of these words. He said he wanted to get rid of the top holding company; it was not a good investment to leave his wife and daughter when he died, he preferred to bequeath to them the minority railroad shares he would get when he wiped out the holding companies. Kolbe added that he wanted to get rid of these obnoxious holding companies, so that the fruit of his labors would be "an absolutely free and independent [railroad] system with its own stock widely distributed in the hands of the public." All this created a sensation at the hearing and the welcome tidings were widely heralded throughout the press.

Three weeks later the Senate Committee, with Senator Truman of Missouri in the chair, recalled Young to Washington. The Committee's lawyers had examined the law books and concluded that the Interstate Commerce Commission has authority to untie Young's strangle-hold on thousands of miles of railroad. A suggestion was put to him which may

be summarized substantially as follows: You, Mr. Young, have an indirect ownership of less than one percent of the securities of these railroads; the public owns the other 99 percent; but you have a strangle-hold control of a type you yourself deplored a few weeks ago; the difficulty might be solved if the Commission exercised its power to deprive you of the voting control over the railroads. Young thought the suggestion very ill advised. He finally objected that there is already too much government in business.

In the course of warding off the concrete proposal that put to the test the broad declarations Young and Kolbe had made at their previous appearance, Young pursued a difficult course. He reaffirmed some of those declarations. But he said a good deal that appeared to be in the nature of departures from the unequivocal pronouncements of three weeks before. He said that in many instances holding companies performed a useful service, that holders of stock of railroad companies got nothing but gain as a result of control of those roads by the Alleghany holding company. As for a statute to deal with holding companies like Alleghany—he would consider it most unfortunate if additional legislation were passed; legislation would only hinder him in getting the railroads out of the control of the holding companies. The best interests of the public were served, he said, by letting him and his associates, with their good intentions and their desire to follow the views of the Senate Committee, go forward, unrestricted by regulation. He must have reflected in the intervening weeks on his previous complaints about the rate structure and his evidence about impending huge wage increases. Now he spoke of the desirability of using his control to effect economies and to reduce rates paid by shippers and raise wages paid to labor. But this, he said, would be delayed for years if holding-company legislation were enacted. He feared also that there might be no possibility of reducing freight rates or increasing wages if the Interstate Commerce Commission persisted in its ruling that a grouping of railroads could not have the Commission's approval in cases where the roads are controlled through a small minority interest. Above all, while adhering to his previously stated preference for stock of railroads rather than holding companies, Young wanted to be allowed to hold fast for the time being to the imperial control he bought in April for \$255,000. Finally he complained that he felt tired and fuzzy. It was a hot day in Washington. Perhaps, in the heat and fatigue, beliefs that he may have endeavored to exorcise from his mind since becoming a great financial figure were flocking to the surface and finding their way into a permanent printed record of the government. One wonders, in the event that Mr. Young finds himself in holding-company jams as did the Van Sweringens before him, which of these two conflicting selves will determine the policies he imposes on the public's investment in his \$3,000,000,000 empire.

In resolving this puzzle, the public fortunately has the help of George A. Ball, who has already made his mark in the affair Van Sweringen for shrewdness, courage and conscience. Mr. Ball bought the empire at the rummage sale in Muller's securities room on Vesey Street, New York City, in 1935, and within eighteen months had a book profit on his top holding-company common stock of over 70,000 percent. Then, by forming a charitable and religious holding company controlled by himself, his wife and his daughter, and transferring the stock to it, he rid himself of both income and inheritance taxes. Then, in selling the empire, he was on guard against adventurers trying to "dig up something"; as his Muncie, Indiana, financial adviser told the Senate, Ball proceeded "very deliberately and very carefully and very properly in the public interest," and this led him into the arms of Mr. Young, who passed the character test as a "reputable" person to control this railroad network. Ball was with Young at his debut at the Waldorf Astoria and issued a press statement which might serve as evidence that legislation adverse to holding companies is not needed while Young is the holding-company king. To be sure, the unsympathetic might argue that Ball's statement was biased, because such legislation might cause Young to throw back on Ball's hands a block of 1,200,000 shares of Alleghany stock optioned to Young by the Ball chari-

table and religious corporation; as Young has already told the Senators, he did not want to buy this block outright and stick his neck out by investing additional money, until he saw which way Congress was going to proceed with respect to railroad holding companies. This indicates that Ball's family corporation may benefit by getting the money for this stock, if Congress and the public accept Ball's character testimony as a reason for letting Young and his holding companies alone; but the Ball profit on these shares would not be much more than 1,300 percent, not a very attractive rate to one who has in the very same affair already experienced a book profit of over 70,000 percent. It will therefore be a mark of understanding of this railroad king who just abdicated and of the king who has taken his place, to note what the former broadcast in commending his successor to the American public from the statesman's suite at the Waldorf Astoria:

"Mr. Ball stated" (this is what the newspapermen read as they munched their appetizers and sampled the cocktails) "the acceptance of the offer of these gentlemen passes into strong and capable hands the ownership of these important properties. He [Ball] is impressed with the sense of public responsibility possessed by these gentlemen and believes that the interest of the holders of securities of these properties, as well as the public, will be well served."

Washington.

T. R. B.

Origins of Socialism

II: *Saint Simon's Hierarchy*

BABEUF was like a last convulsive effort of the principles of the great French Revolution to work themselves out to their logical ends. The race of equalitarians and collectivists who came to prominence in the first years of the next century, though born at about the same time as Babeuf, belong to a different world.

The Comte de Saint-Simon is their prototype. He came of a younger branch of the family of the famous duke, the chronicler of the court of Louis XIV; and, although he had dropped his title and no longer believed, as his relative had, in the paramount importance of dukes, he was in his peculiar way equally convinced of the importance of the owning classes, and especially of the family of Saint-Simon. At seventeen, he had ordered his valet to wake him up every morning with the exhortation, "Get up, *monsieur le comte!* remember you have great things to do!"; and when he had been in prison during the Terror, he had imagined that his ancestor Charlemagne appeared to him and announced that it had been reserved for the Saint-Simon family alone to produce both a great hero and a great philosopher; he himself was to equal

in the intellectual field the achievements of Charlemagne in the military.

Saint-Simon had stood aside from the Revolution. He believed that the old regime was doomed; but although he had gone earlier to America to fight on the side of the Colonies, he regarded the French Revolution, when it came, as a process, he said, mainly destructive, and could not bring himself to take an active part in it. He speculated in confiscated estates and made a certain amount of money; but was cheated out of a good deal of it by a partner. Then, instructed in his mission by Charlemagne, he set out with heroic naïveté systematically to make himself a great thinker.

First he took a house opposite the Polytechnic School and studied physics and mathematics; then he took a house near the Medical School and studied medicine. At one period, he led a life of dissipation, from motives, he said, of moral curiosity. He got married in order to have a salon. Then he divorced his wife and presented himself to Mme. de Staël, declaring that, since she was the most remarkable woman and he the most remarkable man of the time, it was plain that they ought to collaborate in

producing a more than remarkable child. But Mme. de Staël merely laughed. He traveled to both Germany and England in search of intellectual illumination, but came back disappointed from both.

When we read about Saint-Simon's life, we are likely to think him a little mad, till we observe that the other social idealists of this period were cranks of the same extravagant type. The first years of the nineteenth century were a highly confused epoch when it was possible to have simple ideas. The rationalistic philosophy of the eighteenth century, upon which the French Revolution had been based, was still the background to most people's thinking (Saint-Simon's education had been supervised by d'Alembert); but this rationalistic philosophy, which had been expected to solve all the problems, had failed to rescue society from either despotism or poverty. Today the authority of the Church, the coherence of the old social system, were lost; and there was no longer any body of thought accepted as more or less authoritative like the work of the Encyclopedists (one of Saint-Simon's projects was an encyclopedia for the nineteenth century). The mechanical inventions of which it had been expected that they would vastly improve the lot of humanity were obviously making many people miserable; but the encroachments of commerce and manufacture had not yet reached the overwhelming point where philanthropy and philosophy themselves were to come to seem out of date and merely the whims of ineffective persons. So that Frenchmen, deprived of the systems of the past and not yet foreseeing the society of the future, were free to propose any system, to hope for any future, they could conceive.

Some tried to return to the Catholic system in a more modified or more romantic form. But it is greatly to the credit of Saint-Simon that, descendant of Charlemagne though he was and admirer of the Middle Ages, he possessed the intellectual courage to take the post-revolutionary world as he found it and to plunge into its conflicting currents for principles which would render it intelligible and which would make possible a new systematization. Dilettante on an enormous scale, made restless by an all-trying curiosity, great noble of the old regime stranded in the new France and sworn to take a noble's responsibility for the whole of the new humanity, he was able to understand and to indicate—in a series of writings beginning in 1802 with the "Letters of an Inhabitant of Geneva"—certain fundamental elements of the present and certain trends toward the developments of the future which were invisible to the professional thinkers.

The eighteenth century, said Saint-Simon, had committed a fundamental error: in assuming that human beings, on the one hand, were endowed with complete freedom of will while the processes of the physical world, on the other hand, were regulated by invariable laws, it had cut man off from Nature. For there were laws of society, too; there was a

science of social development; and through the study of human history, we ought to be able to master it.

What Saint-Simon concluded from the examination of history was that society had alternate periods of equilibrium and breaking down. The Middle Ages, he thought, had been a period of equilibrium; the Reformation and the Revolution had been a period of breaking down. Now society was ripe for the consolidation of a new period of equilibrium. The whole world should now be organized scientifically; and this was obviously an industrial problem, not, as the eighteenth century had believed, a metaphysical one. The old politics of the Revolution had no relation to social realities; and the military domination of Napoleon had as little relation to society's needs. Napoleon assumed that the objects of society were perpetual war and conquest, whereas its actual objects were production and consumption. The solution of social problems consisted in the adjustment of conflicting interests; and the real business of politics, then, was simply the control of work and of the conditions under which work was performed. The liberals were altogether wrong in their insistence on individual liberty; in society, the parts must be subordinated to the whole.

Get rid of the old liberals, then; get rid of the soldier in politics; and put the world into the hands of the scientists, the industrial captains and the artists. For the new society was to be organized, not, like Babeuf's, on the principle of equality, but according to a hierarchy of merit. Saint-Simon divided mankind into three classes: the *savants*, the propertied and the unpropertied. The *savants* were to exercise the "spiritual power" and to supply the personnel of the supreme body, which was to be known as the Council of Newton—since it had been revealed to Saint-Simon in a vision that it was Newton and not the Pope whom God had elected to sit beside Him and to transmit to humanity His purposes. This council, according to one of Saint-Simon's prospectuses, was to be made up of three mathematicians, three physicians, three chemists, three physiologists, three *littérateurs*, three painters and three musicians; and it was to occupy itself with devising new inventions and works of art for the general improvement of humanity, and in especial with discovering a new law of gravitation applicable to the behavior of social bodies which would keep people in equilibrium with each other. (So the eighteenth-century communist philosopher Morellet, in a book called "The Code of Nature," had asserted that the law of self-love was to play the same role in the moral sphere as the law of gravitation in the physical.) The salaries of the Council of Newton were to be paid by general subscription, because it was obviously to everybody's advantage that human destinies should be controlled by men of genius; the subscription would be international because it would be to the advantage of all nations to prevent international wars.

The actual governing, however, was to be done by those members of the community who possessed enough income to live on and could work for the State without pay. The unpropertied classes were to submit to this because it was to their own best interests to do so. When they had tried to take things into their own hands at the time of the Revolution, they had made a most terrible mess of it and landed themselves in a famine. The propertied classes were to govern by reason of the fact that they possessed "more lights." But the purpose of all social institutions was to better, intellectually, morally and physically, the lot of "the poorest and most numerous class."

There were to be four great main divisions of government: French, English, German and Italian; and the inhabitants of the rest of the globe, whom Saint-Simon considered definitely inferior, were to be assigned to one or other jurisdiction and to subscribe to the maintenance of its council.

Saint-Simon, with his salon, his dissipations and his travels, had now managed to spend all his money and was able to investigate poverty at first hand. He had especially insisted on the importance of mixing with all classes of society, yet of looking at all classes from outside, of examining them in the spirit of science. And the "*grand seigneur sans-culotte*," as he was described by a contemporary who had admired him, with his gayety and his cheerful open countenance and his long Don Quixotic nose, who had lived in "cynical freedom" at the Palais-Royal, now became a copyist on Montmartre, working nine hours a day for small pay. A former valet in his service came to his rescue and gave him a place to live. No one except a very few disciples ever seemed to read the books he published; yet he kept on writing more of them, working on them now at night, the only time he had to himself.

And in his last book, "The New Christianity," he restates his system from a new point of view. The beneficent power of genius alone no longer seems to Saint-Simon sufficient. He agrees with reactionaries like Joseph de Maistre that, in order to bring order out of the anarchy, a dominant religion is needed; but he rejects both the Catholic and the Protestant churches: it is time for a new kind of Christianity. The prime principle of Christ, *Love thy neighbor*, applied to modern society, compels us to recognize that the majority of our neighbors are destitute and wretched. The emphasis has now been shifted from the master mind at the top of the hierarchy to the "unpropertied" man at the bottom; but the hierarchy still stands as it was, as Saint-Simon's whole message is still his own peculiar version of the principle of *noblesse oblige*. The propertied classes must be made to understand that an improvement in the condition of the poor will mean an improvement in their condition, too; the *savants* must be shown that their interests are identical with those of the masses. Why not go straight to the people? he makes the interlocutor in his dialogue ask. Because we must try to prevent them from resorting to violence against

the governments; we must try to persuade the other classes first.

And he ends—the last words he ever wrote—with an apostrophe to the Holy Alliance, the combination of Russia, Prussia and Austria which had been established upon the suppression of Napoleon. It was right, says Saint-Simon, to get rid of Napoleon; but what have they themselves but the sword? They have increased taxes, protected the rich; their church and their courts, their very attempts at progress, depend on nothing but force; they keep two million men under arms.

"Princes!" he concludes, "hear the voice of God, which speaks to you through my mouth: Become good Christians again; throw off the belief that the hired armies, the nobility, the heretical clergy, the corrupt judges, constitute your principal supporters; unite in the name of Christianity and learn to accomplish the duties which Christianity imposes on the powerful; remember that Christianity commands them to devote their energies to bettering as rapidly as possible the lot of the very poor!"

Saint-Simon himself was now worse off than ever. His valet-patron had died, and he was unable to get his books even printed. He was obliged to make copies of them himself. He continued to send them out in this form to the learned and distinguished persons whom he still hoped to interest in his views; but they ignored him as blankly as ever. "For fifteen days," he writes at this period, "I have been eating bread and drinking water. I work with no fire and I have even sold my clothes to make it possible to get my work copied. I have fallen into this distress through my passion for science and the public good, through my desire to find a way of bringing to an end without violence the terrible crisis in which to-day the whole of European society is involved. And I can therefore confess my misery without blushing, and ask for the necessary assistance to enable me to continue my work." He finally succeeded in getting his family to send him a small pension.

He tried to shoot himself in 1823, but survived and went on writing till 1825, an eventuality which caused him surprise: "Can you explain to me how a man with seven balls of buckshot in his head can go on living and thinking?" When he was dying in 1825, he declined to receive one of his relations for fear of breaking up his train of thought.

"All my life," he is reported to have said by one of his disciples who was present at his deathbed, "all my life may be summed up in one idea: to guarantee to all men the free development of their faculties. Forty-eight hours after our second publication, the party of the workers will be organized: the future belongs to us!" . . . "He put his hand to his head and died."

EDMUND WILSON.

This is the second of four articles on the origins of socialism. The third will be published in an early issue.—THE EDITORS.

Impressions of Spain: II

MAPS OF Spain had failed to teach your correspondent what he learned adequately only from long days spent on the road. This peninsula is not a single theatre of war. One must have gazed hour after hour from the coast road toward Teruel and the tangled sierras of Aragon, to realize the insurmountable barriers that Nature has erected against military operations. One's limbs ache at the sight of them: one perceives that neither wheels nor feet can conquer them. It is not a single wall of jagged rock, but wall upon wall, tireless parallels of walls, dark, naked, inaccessible. Now on a great, again on a smaller scale, this formation repeats itself endlessly.

It is easy to understand why Spaniards think in terms of regional rather than national patriotism. Even the failure of the republic after ten months of civil war to create a satisfactory central command becomes intelligible. In this broken, furrowed landscape a swift, decisive campaign is unthinkable. Victory within the snow-capped walls of one amphitheatre settles nothing beyond its barriers, and the defense enjoys great advantages over the attack. This is the reason why Franco has not drawn from the two elements of superiority he enjoyed from the start—a single command and a mass of trained and mobile troops capable of an offensive—the success that would have fallen to him in an easier terrain. One reads the news from Bilbao with growing anxiety, but even if this gallant city can be overwhelmed by German air power, it does not follow that the effects will be catastrophic elsewhere. The sierras are still loyal to the republic.

Without experience or traditions and with a minimum of expert aid, the republic has made unbelievable progress in building an army. The volunteers of the early days are already veterans, who have acquired the latest technique for withstanding tanks and aerial attack. The young conscripts of five classes (ages twenty-one to twenty-six) are mastering their weapons with a will: the first drafts are already serving with the seasoned troops at the front. Immense half-trained reserves are available for the future, but the lack of arms forbids mass conscription.

The training of officers, many thousands at a time, goes on without interruption: the majority are workers, and it is amazing that their zeal and passion for hard work can balance their defects of education. A three months' course has to suffice for the land arms; in six months several hundreds of air pilots have been trained. It may happen that a battalion of conscripts is drilled by sergeants, while the officers who will command it are passing through the military school. Many months must elapse before units raised in this way can become an effective

striking force. Though the republic has to its credit a notable advance on the Cordova front and the superb counter-offensive at Guadalajara, none of the experienced soldiers whom I met ventured to predict that it will have at its disposal a trained, mobile army capable of a sustained offensive on a great scale before the spring of next year. If this war is fought to a finish, it will be ruinous and prolonged.

Even with the information that one could glean on the spot, the equation was difficult to work out. The control operates with absolute rigidity against the republic; for arms and munitions it must now depend entirely on its own resources. Ammunition it manufactures with success, but it is not producing even small arms. The rebels are in this respect better situated. Moreover they are daily receiving new planes, which fly from Germany to Italy and thence by way of Majorca to Spain. The shortage of gasoline, coal and wheat causes continual anxiety. Spain has yet to learn the mechanism of control which the more advanced powers worked out during the World War, and until she learns it the economic basis behind the army will be insecure. Bread, abundant in the villages, would sometimes be wholly lacking for two days together in Madrid; in quantity it was never sufficient. I found myself reflecting that two or three British civil servants with war-time experience might have done more to help the republic than as many thousands of volunteers. A backward, agricultural country cannot suddenly subject its whole economic life to a clockwork system. The army has come much nearer to doing this than the civilian administration: its commissariat, under great difficulties, works well. What the workers have done to speed up the output of munitions, trucks and the like is beyond praise. The whole record is one of steady and almost incredible progress.

The chief ground for anxiety lay, however, in the failure to create a central military command. Señor Caballero had doubled the premiership with the Ministry of War. The burden was too great for an aged man. He knew nothing of war, postponed decisions that called for quick, resolute handling, and relied on the advice of a General Staff composed by all accounts of third-rate men trained in the old, easy-going ways. Complacent people would repeat their "technical reasons" why nothing could be done to ease the pressure on Bilbao; they failed to carry conviction. Señor Prieto will bring a new spirit into this vital Ministry of Defense. With the air as his province he has already shown foresight, resource and an unusual capacity for organization. To create an effective central command will not be easy. The man who does it must wrestle first of all with political obstruction, party jealousy and regional pettiness. He must then search, as it were in

the dark, for military talent. Finally, he must find his way round those baffling sierras. The choice of Colonel Rojo as Chief of the General Staff is promising, for he was the brain of Madrid's defense.

The character of this war is changing rapidly. From a class struggle it is turning into a war of independence. The slogans and posters reflect this development. On May Day, of all days, I heard two leading Socialist orators who devoted the greater part of their lengthy speeches to wholesale denunciation of Germany and Italy: nothing was forgotten, from the sinking of the "Lusitania" to the latest atrocity in Ethiopia. Several ingenious posters sought to render visible the grip of international finance upon Spain. A map showed the mines, the electrical plant, the motor works and the like belonging to foreign capital; the names of Morgan, Rothschild, Schneider, Wendel and many more were prominent, and under it ran the caption: "the true reasons for false neutrality."

The sense is growing in the minds of the Spanish masses that they are fighting not merely Hitler, Mussolini and their own feudal caste but the leagued forces of an international money power. London, they feel, is against them, though London must know that Rome and Berlin have intervened as much to win a monopoly of Spain's minerals as to gain strategic positions. More expert observers draw the same conclusion. On the last evening of my stay in Spain I chanced to meet the Ministers of three powers of the second rank. All three felt toward the republic a cautious friendliness. All wished for some international action to help it. All agreed that nothing could be done save under British leadership. But all three assumed that the British government is implacably hostile to the republic. Might that hostility be modified, if the republic were to move to the Right—as it has since done?

British pressure may suggest a compromise. What conceivable compromise could end this war I cannot myself imagine, nor did I meet anyone who had anything to suggest. The sober fact, as Señor del Vayo said to me, is that the People's Front government already represents a compromise. It includes a generous proportion of middle-class liberals as well as a Basque nominee (and the Basques should be classed as conservative democrats); their influence has grown since the Cabinet was remodeled. It has taken no steps and contemplated none that point to any general policy of socialization. It has socialized only industries and estates abandoned by their owners, which were essential for the conduct of the war and could be run in no other way. These amount (following an official reckoning supplied to me) only to 20 percent of the industry of governmental Spain. Every inquiry that I made (beginning with a talk with the responsible Minister) convinced me that all these measures were provisional and that the emergency plan in force today is regarded only as an experiment, adapted to the necessities of wartime.

Frankly and decidedly (for reasons stated in my

article in last week's New Republic) the Communist Party has discouraged every avoidable act of socialization—some, of course, were not avoidable, since fields had to be tilled and factories kept going. The chief reason lies on the surface. Spain is in the economic sense a colonial country. From the roads and telephones to the mines and the electrical plant every item of its modern equipment has been supplied by imported capital. If a socialist economy were contemplated, the first step would have to be the nationalization of these foreign concerns, many of them key services. But Spain is too weak and too conscious of her weakness to dream of expropriating foreigners without compensation; yet she is too poor, and too conscious of her poverty, to face the crushing burden of buying them out. That dilemma involves the postponement, even in the event of a republican triumph, of any general plan of socialization.

Where, then, is the basis for a compromise? Over socialization there will be no difficulty, if the People's Front, moving visibly to the Right, with its gaze fixed on London, remains in power. For democracy, in the shape of a parliamentary republic, it will struggle to the end. But the limits of any conceivable compromise may be stated with more realism. It was feudalism that challenged the republic. Its power is based on three Old World institutions: (1) the great land estates of the grandes in the south and west, (2) the army, with its officer caste that was a system of outdoor relief for the younger sons and poor relations of the gentry, and finally (3) the fabulously wealthy political Church. These are (whatever Hitler and Mussolini may intend) the stakes in this civil war between Spaniards. All the bloodshed, the devastation and the sacrifices will have been in vain if democracy survives in name only, under the shadow of these three institutions. In other words, the masses will fight on, and if they are beaten, will renew the struggle, until the feudal power is driven from these strongholds.

In plain words, a freely elected Cortes must have the power to legislate for the solution of the agrarian problem. Second, it must have in the social composition of the body of officers a guarantee against future rebellion. The third problem of the Church presents the gravest difficulties. This Church has made itself hated and feared. Under what conditions and safeguards the free exercise of the Catholic faith should be restored I will not try to discuss. The republic would be wise to restore it at once, if only in a few selected churches, as evidence of its intentions. That is, I gathered, the ultimate purpose of all the parties in the People's Front, and the Communist Party in particular made a public announcement to this effect two months ago. But none of these parties will again allow a political organization masquerading as a church to undermine the republic.

Friends of peace should understand that on these essentials the republic cannot yield. If it were to do

so, a second civil war would be inevitable. The Valencia government, since Señor Caballero's departure, is much more moderate than the masses behind it. In the last resort it is the two great federations of trade unions, the UGT and CNT, that command the masses, and their power extends to the villages as well as the towns. Neither of them is represented in Dr. Negrin's Cabinet: both are critical, and the CNT is hostile. Both are armed and the latter has its fringe of fanatics. The peril of this situation is obvious. Valencia may escape from it by conducting the war with greater energy than Señor Caballero did. But it is a grave mistake to suppose that the republican ministry is stronger because it has lost its trade-unionist members. On

the contrary, it is further from the masses, less likely to enjoy their spontaneous confidence and therefore less able to control them.

The time has not arrived when foreign opinion can exert a useful influence in Spain. The suggestion constantly repeated of South American mediation is peculiarly mischievous. Latin America, with the exception of Mexico, has been hostile as a whole to the republic, and several of its legations in Madrid have been centers of fascist plotting. Now as before, the duty that falls on us all is to aid this stricken people to care for its children and its refugees, and to bring about the withdrawal of the foreign troops that have invaded Spain.

London.

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

The Steel Strike

THE FIRST week of the steel strike sees both sides marshaling all their forces. Already the strike has spread to involve coal and iron ore, railroads, Governors of states, the La Follette Civil Liberties Committee, the National Labor Relations Board. Eighty-three thousand men are idle in five states and a dozen towns and cities. At present only Youngstown Sheet and Tube, Inland, and Republic Steel are affected. Bethlehem and National will enter the picture later. In all 175,000 workers may be involved. It is on the integrity of these workers that the outcome will depend in the long run—workers like those in the parade of about 2,500 people which masses near union headquarters in Campbell, formerly East Youngstown, and marches to Struthers over the bridge.

Many women are marching. Youngstown Sheet and Tube is paying its workers today—the last pay day for a long time, they are warned. The Sheet and Tube workers have made this an excuse for a protest parade. Before the parade got under way the organizer in charge dispatched workers to picket the Dollar Bank Building, where the “back to work” movement is in full swing. The company union has been transformed into a so-called independent union. The Republic “independent” union and the Youngstown Sheet and Tube “independent” union have opened offices, by an odd coincidence, next door to each other. A dark trickle of Negro boys goes sheepishly past the pickets who carry signs—“JOIN THE CIO—YOU CAN’T MAKE STEEL IN A BANK.” There are defiant white boys. No older men go in while I watch. Groups of men watch the pickets. Other buildings have men and women in front of them. The Dollar Bank has only watchful men. Deputies too are there, most of them ex-soldiers. One of the independent-union officials is asked, “It must have taken some organization to get this gang?” “Oh, yes,” he replies brightly, “we

had 160 men out visiting the houses.” One wonders who paid these visitors.

A strategy meeting of the SWOC organizers is taking place. They are here from Canton, Warren, Niles, Cleveland, the whole Mahoning Valley, to compare notes on the first week of strike, to map plans and strike activities for the future. There have been no strike bulletins. These will now be published and the sound truck will broadcast strike news. Mass meetings are planned throughout the area, with such speakers as Homer Martin, Dalrymple, president of the rubber workers, and Philip Murray.

Two investigators for the La Follette Committee have arrived, to study the charges of the union that the plants are arsenals filled with machine guns and tear gas, that 50 percent of the personnel now in the plant are strikebreakers.

This seems to have been admitted by Tom W. Girdler, who made three-inch newspaper headlines when he proclaimed proudly: “*Sure We’ve Got Guns.*” This admission coming after the Memorial Day massacre is a little more than the workers can stand. In all the outdoor meetings in the Youngstown area workers stand with bared heads in memory of those killed. Steel workers will never forget that because Tom W. Girdler, president of Republic Steel, found a way of getting around the Wagner Act, seven men lie dead and nearly 100 are wounded.

“They are Girdler’s victims and the responsibility of their death should be placed at his door as definitely as if he had killed them with his own hands,” Philip Murray told us.

So the Youngstown picture must have for a background the fact that on Memorial Day a procession of over a thousand union men and sympathizers marching from a union meeting toward the Republic Steel plant in South Chicago were attacked by a force of two hundred police armed with tear gas and guns. When the tear gas cleared away,

there were four dead and others dying. The ground was littered with wounded men and women. The details as they pile up show a picture of cold-blooded brutality that has no recent parallel.

Eye-witnesses report that police dragged wounded workers by the feet "as though they were dead dogs." Pictures confirm this. Pictures give irrefutable testimony that instead of "fighting for their lives" as Police Chief Horner asserts, the police pursued and clubbed strikers fleeing with their wives and children.

At a press conference Philip Murray brings out the fact that these deaths and shootings occurred not because the union and management disagree on terms of settlement but because the independent steel companies have suddenly discovered that nothing is said in the Wagner Act about signing an agreement—three little words were lacking in the Act.

Youngstown is the heart of the strike. Thirty-three thousand workers are affected in the Youngstown Sheet and Tube and Republic, which runs like a river of chimneys and tracks for miles through the center of the town. The 2,400 workers in Niles and the 6,000 workers in Warren, a few miles distant, are also included in this area.

Youngstown Sheet and Tube and Republic in Youngstown are closed down. There is no attempt to run the plants. Only Carnegie Illinois' triumphant blast goes saffron against the sky, a constant reminder to idle Youngstown workers that 157 separate companies have signed union agreements covering 380,000 men.

John Mayo, who was a victim of the Bay City mobbing, is chief organizer for the Youngstown district; under him are organizers for each mill. Youngstown Sheet and Tube is organized independently from Republic, and Brier Hill Sheet and Tube at the opposite end of town from Struthers and Campbell has its own organization. The strike is young and the activities still resolve themselves into picket line and commissary. No time could be obtained on the radio, so each of the six strike groups remains comparatively isolated from the others. Though no women's organizations have yet been set up, there is a drive to take part in the struggle by the women themselves. They go on the picket line, they work in the kitchen. At Brier Hill gate I saw several women come to get out scabbing husbands. As one husband appeared, a woman's hand shot out in a sound slap. "Sign here," she snapped, shoving a union card under his nose. He signed and she walked off with him triumphantly.

The working community is being fused into a fighting whole. Its core is the picket line, whose organization is one of the best I have ever seen. The union in Youngstown claimed a large majority when the strike was called. Since then over a thousand are said to have joined in both Youngstown Sheet and Tube and Republic. The union membership was built up solidly after

nearly a year of organizing. It was necessary to organize quietly; John Stevenson said that for months he spent six out of every eight hours in house-to-house visiting. Last summer there were few open meetings, but there was a surprising number of "beer parties" on farms of former steel workers, often miles from Youngstown. Finally the union was strong enough to have open mass meetings. The union in Sheet and Tube rested on two blocks of picked men of 500 each, called the organizing committee. The members of the organizing committee now largely form the flying squadron.

Six weeks ago it became evident that the independents would force a strike, and a systematic organization of pickets began. By the time the strike came, disorderly and uncertain elements had been weeded out. The picket lines during the day are small groups of people at all gates, at strategic points, on railway embankments all along the miles of boundary of a big steel mill.

"It may not look like so much, but I can get 500 men out in a half hour, 1,000 in an hour, at any point," John Mayo tells you. A system of communications has been evolved by which key men communicate rapidly with those in their jurisdiction. "We had 1,500 on the picket line the other night in no time, when we had the all-night meeting with the mayor and sheriff and chief of police." This meeting was held after the Chicago shooting and was for the purpose of devising means to prevent a repetition of the bloodshed here.

No one can go on the picket line unregistered. Pickets are asked which gates they want to patrol and which "turn" they want. There are four turns of six hours each. The pickets are divided into blocks of five with a leader for each group—parties of friends are encouraged to be together. There are one picket head and four division captains, one for each turn. Forty-two flying-squadron cars are attached to each turn. They patrol the picket line and transport organizers and pickets to any point.

Warren is the hot spot of the strike. This is where observers look for trouble. No such careful piece of organization has been done as in Youngstown. Company airplanes fly over the mills, where the management claims that 2,000 out of the 6,000 workers have remained inside. Men out in the swamp are said to snipe at the planes, which land passengers and food. The food falls with a terrific thud, often outside the plant. Over a gate post outside the Niles plant, smashed cans of beans are nailed, with the sign "Scabs' Breakfast."

The union reports that all the tough characters and gunmen have been concentrated in the Warren mill in preparation for battle. As though to prove the truth of this, the scabs have made four sorties, attacking the picket lines with nuts, bolts and gas pipes.

The circumference of the big Warren plants is about eight miles. All along this distance groups of men sit in the shade, play horseshoes, or camp on the railway. The strike dominates the community.

All approaches to the mill are barred. Only if you are accompanied by an organizer can you pass the numerous picket camps. In this area you realize that the two sides are drawn up in battle array.

Recently a strikebreaking technique has been perfected—the Mohawk Plan, invented by Remington Rand—which has become the strikebreaking employers' manual. First you create an atmosphere of terror. You form a citizens' committee. You call for more police, you start a back-to-work movement. It is all vividly described by the National Labor Relations Board in the Remington Rand decision.

These moves are all punctually being carried out in the Mahoning Valley. The mob is in process of being formed, though the burning of the fiery cross before the mill gates, threatened the other night, did not materialize. Failing all else the employers have already indicated their readiness to shoot it out, as steel has always done, since 1892.

For to the independents this is no ordinary strike; it is a strike they will use every means to win, for they are fighting not only the CIO, but also U. S. Steel. This strike marks the emergence of the independents as rivals to U. S. Steel for domination of the Steel Institute. Weir can already cut prices under U. S. Steel. Now, if this bloc can beat the CIO, they will take the leadership and will punish Myron Taylor and his organization, by whom they feel they were let down. More is at stake than defeating the CIO or even conquering the leadership of the Steel Institute. Here are being fought out the administration's policies regarding organized labor. These are under assault by the independents.

This winter has seen American labor and American employers make greater gains in settling their difficulties in a reasonable way than ever before. The independents propose to scrap these gains. But this is neither 1892 nor 1919. The union has countered with a surprise announcement that the strike will be spread to iron ore and coal. A vigorous organizing program has been outlined by the Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers and extra CIO organizers are already on the Youngstown Sheet and Tube and Republic Steel properties in the Calumet area in Michigan and the Mesaba Range in Minnesota. Congressman John Bernard is to be chief marshal of the ore miners' drive. There is to be a conference of U. M. W. of A. presidents to discuss the possible action in coal also.

The Labor Relations Board and the La Follette Committee are on the job, and instead of twenty-four apathetic craft unions there are twenty Internationals of young, vigorous workers behind the steel strike determined to win.

While a peace move is on foot with Philip Murray and Governor Davey conferring in Columbus, nothing much is hoped from it. If a prolonged strike is to be averted, a strike that will follow steel's old pattern, a return to repression and bloodshed, plus the modern technique of the use of mob violence, the federal government will probably have to take a hand.

MARY HEATON VORSE.

Washington Notes

*All or Nothing on the Court Bill—Labor's Non-Partisan League Means Business—
Mr. Wallace and the Farmers*

LAST February, Labor's Non-Partisan League was the first independent group to endorse Mr. Roosevelt's Supreme Court bill. With the Lawyers' Guild, it carried the brunt of the popular fight for the bill in the subsequent weeks. I now learn that it has informed its friends in Congress that they are to refuse all compromises, and fight to the end. According to members of its executive committee, the League proposes, if necessary, to take the issue into the 1938 and 1940 elections. The latter election is mentioned as fair warning to Senator Burton K. Wheeler, once the best friend of labor unions, particularly the railway brotherhoods. Mr. Wheeler comes up for reelection in 1940 and, unless he shows a sudden change of heart, the League has pledged itself to defeat him.

Apparently the League has taken its position against compromise without consultation with Mr. Roosevelt. However, Mr. Roosevelt himself is showing a remarkable stiffness. On his return from his Gulf of Mexico fishing trip a month ago, he was reported to have told the Democratic leadership in Congress: "Give me the bill or the issue." At least some of his personal advisers feel substantially as Labor's Non-Partisan League does. They are begging him to reintroduce the bill in next year's session and, if he is beaten then, to appeal to the country in the mid-term election.

The rigid stand on the Supreme Court bill taken by the Non-Partisan League is important not only for itself, but for the reasons lying behind it. The members of the League's executive committee are labor leaders, and almost all of them have had court injunctions issued against them and have lived in momentary expectation of being hauled off to a hot, uncomfortable hoosegow. No group of men in the country knows more accurately the bias of the courts in favor of property and against the workers. Only last February, during the General Motors strike, the United Auto Workers had a \$15,000,000 fine plastered on it by Judge Gadola of Michigan, and Mr. John L. Lewis conducted his negotiations with President Knudsen with the threat of arrest suspended above his head. The League members are not simple-minded enough to think that the addition of six new Justices to the Supreme Court will immediately purify the whole American judicial system; they do believe that precedents established by a genuinely liberal Supreme Court would be of perhaps critical importance in another period of mass strikes.

The League's committeemen are also experienced labor lobbyists. As one of them explained to this correspondent, they know how chambers of commerce play politics at state legislatures and in Washington, and they mean to do the same. Business lobbyists never pay attention to what legislators say. Congressmen may advocate posting machine guns at the head of Broad Street, New York, and shooting down the members of the Stock Exchange like sheep, and business lobbyists grin indulgently. But each session there are two or three bills important to business, and if Congress-

men do not vote right in crucial votes, they are beaten at the next election. Matters have been slightly better since 1933, but under the Harding, Coolidge and Hoover regimes, labor—in the opinion of the Non-Partisan League—got pretty speeches, and business got what it wanted. The League regards the Supreme Court bill as the sort of test in which it is bound to demand the same dotted-line performance from legislators that business has been accustomed to exact. Protestations of pro-labor sympathies ought not be accepted as true coin. If, in 1938, the League opposes every open or covert enemy of the Supreme Court bill, and succeeds in defeating a dozen or so of them, its power will be established once and for all. Congressmen seldom venture to play tricks with the important business lobbies; after an election fought on the Supreme Court issue—the sole issue on which the Non-Partisan League has formally and publicly committed itself—they would be less likely to indulge in monkeyshines on bills that labor cares about. The Round-head zeal that fills the Non-Partisan League members is extremely impressive, at least to this correspondent.

It is no especial secret that the farm bill recently presented to Congress by a group of farm leaders headed by Mr. Edward A. O'Neal of the American Farm Bureau Federation was, in fact, the work of Secretary Wallace's experts in the Agriculture Department. This relatively harmless deception is an excellent, if bizarre, illustration of Mr. Wallace's mounting hatred and fear of authoritarianism in government. With evangelical piety, he believes that nothing can, or should, be imposed on the people of the country from Washington. He appears to feel that no solid social advance is possible unless the people themselves first act out of their wisdom and experience. When no discernible initiative issues forth from the populace, as in the case of agricultural policy, he seemingly finds it important to play a game of pretending that it has. This quality has its noble aspect, but it is probably also the reason why Mr. Wallace has been feeble and indecisive in forcing a farm-tenancy program on Congress. The administration farm-tenancy program is now apparently lost beyond hope, and the chances for enactment of the main O'Neal-Wallace farm bill at the present session seem slight.

The chief obstacle to the realization of Mr. Wallace's democratic ideal has been the weakness and unrepresentative character of existing farm organizations. Mr. O'Neal, whom Mr. Wallace chose to introduce his general farm bill, is unquestionably the most conspicuous farm leader in Washington, but he is primarily the agent of Southern plantation owners rather than operators of family-sized farms. Since last November's election, however, liberal-minded farm leaders in the agricultural states have been quietly at work building a new farmers' movement around the old Farmers' Union. The Washington spokesman of this movement is Mr. M. W. Thatcher, formerly an officer of the National Grain Corporation, and there are reports that he will soon supplant Mr. E. H. Everson as the Union's president. It is also predicted that the revamped Farmers' Union and Labor's Non-Partisan League will enter a working alliance for the 1938 election.

From the standpoint of practical Democratic Party workers, the investigation of tax evasion, soon to open,

is the most distasteful move yet made by Mr. Roosevelt. It is widely believed that lawyers of considerable influence in Democratic councils have been especially favored as tax advisers by wealthy income-tax payers. Cynics here are betting that the investigation will be brief, circumspect and confined to economic royalists who were unwise enough to pick the wrong counselors.

Washington.

T. R. B.

Other People's Money

Wrecking Railroads Is a Lot of Fun—Traffic Managers Overlook the Red Light—Public v. Private Ownership

THERE is a sort of simple innocence about the business mind that excites the same feelings of sympathetic amusement one feels when one sees a dear little boy—because he, too, is innocent—trying to gouge out his little sister's eyeballs. He doesn't know any better and there is something engaging about the frankness with which the cute little fellow goes about his fun.

Back in 1928 a number of very excellent persons in Chicago found themselves with a good deal of cash—but apparently not enough. Casting about for a good way to make this cash grow, they decided to go into the railroad business. Apparently there is one fine thing about the railroad business for an ambitious man. He doesn't have to know anything about it. And if he can get hold of a railroad he will probably wreck it but he will have a lot of fun in the process and after all that's what railroads are for. Transportation may be a useful by-product, but in heaven's name, let us not permit that incidental function to get in the way of the larger and finer purposes of our roads.

They decided to buy the Chicago, Great Western Railroad. Of course they began by forming a little holding company—the Bremo Corporation. They then hit upon their innocent but clever little design to make this railroad pay. What makes railroads profitable? Freight, of course. Who gives it freight? Why, the large shippers. Who can influence the course of such shipments? The traffic managers of the large corporations who are shippers. Very well, then, why not bring a crowd of these traffic managers into the plan—sell them stock on the ground floor? Then they would have a personal interest in diverting to the Great Western the business of the corporations which employed them. That was simple. The corporation employs the traffic manager to work for it—to serve it—to ship its products over the road and in such a manner as will best serve the corporation. You might suppose any traffic manager would know that. But after all this is a piece of Bolshevik nonsense and the man is no better than a Red who dares to suggest that the traffic manager ought to consider the interests of his employer and principal first. A man will never get anywhere that way. Are we to suppose that in our system the employee is going to be deprived of the right to shave off a little graft for himself?

At all events, about forty or fifty traffic managers for large shippers in Chicago came into the deal. The part of the story that arouses our good-natured alarm comes when the facts are brought out by a Senate committee and when

the banker (of all people) who engineered the deal was asked what he thought of the proprieties involved. He said, with childlike surprise, that it never occurred to him there was anything unethical in this. Why should it? Isn't he a banker? How do you suppose a banker is ever going to get rich if he puts too fine a point upon ethics? In those days did the banker worry too fretfully about his obligations to his depositors? Why should he suppose that some weird principle of fiduciary loyalty ought to be invoked to prevent a purchasing agent or a traffic manager from getting his squeeze as well as a banker?

The idea did, however, shock one business man—the president of the road they had bought. He wrote to J. P. Morgan and Company about the goings-on in Chicago and told of the pretty stratagem of the traffic managers. "Imagine the heads of those concerns permitting their traffic managers to route traffic for their own personal profit against the interests of their employers." Well, imagine it! What's so strange about that? That was our way of life then and, in fact, is our way of life now. This tale would be incomplete without adding as a footnote that the Chicago, Great Western ultimately went into bankruptcy, which is the harbor into which these gentlemen invariably steer any enterprise they take hold of.

The little incident is no more than a small specimen of the pattern for ownership of American railroads. Any group of adventurers who have enough money and access to enough of other people's money can decide to go hunting for one of these roads and can capture it and put it to whatever use they choose. The idea of function in industry is utterly lost in the shuffle. These men were doing in a small and ineffectual way what the Van Sweringens were doing in a large way.

The end of it all is that our transportation system, whatever the newspaper reports of improved conditions may be, is in a desperate struggle against dissolution. This transportation system has an important functional place in the national society. You may believe in the private ownership of railroads, but you will have to concede that the primary purpose of the roads is not to offer to individuals opportunities for ownership, but to provide people with transportation.

The roads, under private ownership, having gotten appallingly snarled up in bad finance, the question is not necessarily an issue between public and private ownership, but may well be a question of whether or not private ownership, to continue, must submit to a drastic operation. Was not the suggestion made at the Wheeler committee hearings that these bankrupt roads should be somehow directed into the hands of trustees with the power of the government back of them to make the adjustments essential if they are to function efficiently? It is ridiculous to see these reorganization committees and these stock-market manipulators and youthful adventurers in high finance throwing these valuable properties around from one to the other. If ever private ownership has broken down in this world it has done so in the railroad business. It is now time that we either abolish private ownership in the railroads or rescue the roads from the present swarms of adventurers and put them in a condition where private ownership can operate.

JOHN T. FLYNN.

Formal Master, Fundamental Source

IT MUST be that a capacity such as nature itself possesses, or love, death, or wine, to excite expressions from poets, critics and professors is to a fair extent a measure of an author's greatness. Ben Jonson,¹ England's first Poet Laureate, had certainly that capacity. One after another his contemporaries, the writers of the epoch following, and many of the self-expressing souls of times since, have held forth on this rare Ben Jonson. Swinburne speaks of the "flat sanity" in the Roman plays Jonson attempted; Hazlitt found that Jonson's "serious productions are superior to his comic ones"; and Coleridge wished for whole volumes of such plays, since they "are a mode of relating great historical events in the liveliest and most interesting manner."

Jonson was seven years dying, and in spite of all that had already been said for and against him, the Bishop of Winchester began, twelve or more months before Jonson's death in August, 1637, to collect the sort of thing that Jonson himself had once described as a packet of commendations. "Mirror of poets, mirror of our age" arose then, Waller setting thus the tune; and over thirty poets celebrated their master one way and another, conveying in general his borrowings from great authors, his excess of learning, and the fact that in the end he failed to win the public's favor. All these speak of his learning, wit, judgment, energy and inexhaustible effort, many of them expect mankind to grow up to him. They were thinking of his masterful creations, not of his later works, which Dryden, apostle though he was, spoke of as the dotages.

(As I put that down, I think of some magazines that, on a country week-end, I lately read—how surprised some of their contributors would be to learn that people have been witty, quite bright even, for some time!)

These very magazines, however, may have encouraged me, not so much by their intelligence as by the extent of their circulation, to put out feelings that I have had for a long time and that come from a bona-fide reading and an old affection for Ben Jonson. Drummond of Hawthornden records that Jonson in his merry humor—by that he means to say wine, talk, a gift for male company—used to name himself the Poet. The masks contrived, the plays constructed, might thus be set down as considerably in the way of accident, or profitable incident perhaps. This seems to me entirely and profoundly true on Jonson's part.

I must confess that, though, as diverse scholars have repeatedly remarked, Ben Jonson's massive pieces may be terror-laden, they are not so for me. I know very well "Volpone, or The Fox," "The Silent Woman" and "The Alchemist," the dramas that, plus "Catiline," make up this volume. They have never frightened me at all. Their cumulous passions seem to me those of intricate tapestries, or of murals, or the twistings of the Italian Late Renaissance in any art field; and all those stalking horrors that the midnight oil has revealed to students have never depressed me. These plays seem to me to be very much of a piece with the art of their time. I enjoy their rich tinkering and

¹ Ben Jonson: Volume V, edited by C. H. Herford and Percy Simpson. New York: The Oxford University Press. 565 pages. \$7.

elaboration, their marks of industry and learned care; but there's no need for me to pretend a catharsis that sends me into a thesis for the Ph.D. In their excess, abundance, full figure and running stress, these plays seem to me to be those, if of anything at all, of a poet. In their explicitness, their pursuit of any passion or any idea or any theme to its extreme possibility and subsequent prose exhaustion, they seem still the poet's work, though on the flat side of failure. The "humors"—ruling passions—with which Jonson concerns himself, have the pattern and typicality and freedom that the poetic approach may provide. And so I find scope and brilliance and flying fancy, much of the special Elizabethan genius, with its marvel, adolescence, derivation and music; and then I remember that Molière, for social, civilized, lambent good sense, and a speaking order in his dramatic construction, knocks Ben Jonson into a cocked hat. I run with Jonson and read with Molière.

It is worth our thinking about to recall Jonson's special relation to antiquity. To Dryden it seems that he "was the greatest man of the last age," but that he was "dressed in all the ornaments and colors of the ancients." It was, he thought, a virtue of Jonson's that he gave in all things place to them . . . and that, "You track him in their snow." In the romantics' vein, the author of "Night Thoughts" said later on of Jonson that he was very learned, as Samson was very strong, to his own hurt; and so "pulled down all antiquity on his head and buried himself under it." Often in passages outside the plays when he seems to open his bosom to the most intimate revelation, the remarks themselves and the manner of their analysis come straight out of classical writers. For example, Jonson, estimating Shakespeare, wrote: "many times he fell into those things which could not escape laughter"; and in another place: "but he redeemed his vices with his virtues; there was ever more in him to be praised than pardoned." But as Mr. John Palmer notes in his excellent study of Jonson, "Swinburne and the innocents who took this to be Jonson's voice are not to be laughed aside." "*Saepe incidebat in ea quae derisum*," et cetera, Seneca may say, and Jonson after him; but "the words had slept in his ear, with a prodigious company of others, for just this apt occasion."

I used to laugh, saying over to myself some of Truewit's passages from "The Silent Woman," to see how straight they came out of Plautus—who in turn got them for the most part out of the Greek comedies, and no harm done. Say rather the figure, irony and observation set forth came out of life; at which in its simpler social forms the Mediterranean writers had the earlier crack. At the moment I sigh, thinking to myself what a help some of this traditional influence might be to our Broadway writing. What do the little whimsies or vulgar punches or stage idioms of most of our American theatre amount to, as American material? Very little. Where do we hear the English language done with any penetration, native bite, or flavor, or even photography? Some of the speeches in "Tobacco Road," especially those Jeeter Lester speaks, sound genuine, rooted, exact. But our theatre language is mostly washed-out journalism.

The present fine volume from the Oxford Press is the fifth in a projected series of ten. It is thoroughly collated with the folios and quartos, according to the play in hand.

STARK YOUNG.

These Three to See

THERE is a building tradition of screen comedy on the Paramount lot that may be worth discovering some day, but for the present it is enough to go see "I Met Him in Paris" (Wesley Ruggles' direction again; Claudette Colbert's opposition this time divided between Melvyn Douglas and Robert Young, cast in the lark of their lives; screen play by Claude Binyon). It plays down sentiment more than the others and goes out for laughs in a droll, brilliant sort of way. On the whole, nothing funnier has been seen since "The Milky Way." It starts with an American girl feeling rather low on her trip to Paris, moves on to the Swiss Alps with the girl and two rather frightening boy friends, and ends with three boy friends and the girl in Paris, getting funnier in a cumulative sort of way until it is a good thing for your ribs that they stopped it.

The film combines a lot of absolutely fresh devising with the good old action-comedy tradition of pratfalls (of which there are some beauties), the man being sent into a spasm with his mouth full of liquid, etc. Take Robert Young's line as he starts a love scene, "Ah, I can't talk in the daytime, I keep seeing the tip of my nose"; take the terrible Swiss desk clerk, the eyes on the French train guard, the waiter on skates. Take the next to last sequence, where Young and Douglas kidnap the goof into the bar; take the whole business in winter sports, with dignity and the grand passion wobbling around on skates, skis, bobsleds, and with that weird bevy of Swiss always tearing around a corner with fierce competence and yodels, missing Robert Young by a hair. (There is nice space and scenery, too.) But there is no use taking anything if you don't see the picture. At least half of the footage is a perfect scream and if you miss it you are an old sobersides, and who cares.

"Kid Galahad" is the best prize-ring film I've seen—both for the explosive pace of its fight scenes and for the edge to its realism. Its germane dramatics include as a matter of fact the practices of a gunman promoter, the rigging of fights, the making or breaking of fighters, etc. The story is about a clean-living bruiser from the tall corn who got into the preliminaries thanks to chance and to the sharp promoting talents of Edward G. Robinson, who is in the middle of a feud with the Humphrey Bogart mob. The good heart and caution and pity have to come from Robinson's mistress (and how are *you*, Mr. Hays?) and Harry Carey, still around and still wonderful. Bette Davis (as the mistress) falls in love with the innocent palooka—who is almost at the top when Robinson catches him trying to marry his kid sister. And the blow-off comes at the championship fight where there is sudden death but no promise of purity for the fight game, no clinch; only Miss Davis walking alone out through the dim, dirty alley—after another of her distinctive screen portrayals, incidentally.

And in closing would state: That Robinson and Bogart are swell enough types at this sort of thing to write their own parts almost. That the writing was still good, fast and commendably lean on overstatement. That Michael Curtiz kept the direction clean, particularly in scenes about the locker rooms and ringside, where there was some of the most bloody realism and mauling ever made up for cameras.

There will be time enough to see "Captains Courageous" when it gets out of the roadshow class and into the moderate prices. Though dragged out and often weepy, it is a corking yarn (direction by Victor Fleming). The center of the story is Freddie Bartholomew, the unbearable little Percival who fell off a liner into the Gloucester fishing fleet on the Grand Banks, got a little decency rubbed into him and fell in love with Manuel, the great Portuguese dory man. The movies seem to have developed the best crop of child actors ever seen: Bartholomew here is not only clever and endearing but sensitive, controlled, as wise as any grown-up in the cast (which is all good, incidentally); he has a delicate little style of his own, working the audience steadily around from a yelp of delight to see him clopped across the fishpile, to esteem and tears. Mickey Rooney is another bright genius and present here, though in a small part.

The largest figure is that of Spencer Tracy as Manuel, simple, boisterous, rich in his powers, speaking to God and the little fishes direct. He is felt in the story long after he has gone under in a tangle of wreckage; and for once the imposition of his happy image over the action at the end is not felt as a trick. His adopted accent was too much for him all the way through and was given a back-breaker about heaven to speak near the middle; but the point is that he finally comes through all such obstacles like a bull through a picket fence.

With Freddie's three-month regeneration as the main theme and the secondary business of skipper L. Barrymore's rivalry and tragic race to lead the fleet home, the great part of the footage is sea stuff, and it is no secret that these cameras perform a constant miracle of walking on the waters (photography by Harold Rosson). Much of the action had to be taken indoors and processed, of course, and the cutter and the dialogue writers weren't seamen. But even the tank shots show an uncanny genius for the ship-shape, that inimitable seaman's order in a cramped confusion of halyards, rope ends, buckets, pins and tackle, hatches and capstans and standing gear. The procedure at sea is good—*e.g.*, getting the dories overside with way on, clearing the wreckage in that stunning carry-away of the mast; sometimes a documentary delight. To those with salt in their hair, the scenes of that stout little fleet, lying morning and afternoon with its boats out, slipping off ship by ship in the early mists, will be worth waiting through any two-hour movie for. And I believe that the running picture of the "We're Here" is more beautiful and strange than anything that has been recorded of ships, showing her snuggled down and heading home or breathless within a calm horizon, spanking along on her actual beam-ends, heaving literally two-thirds of her length out of water and smacking down into it again, or slipping out of a fog bank or with sails black against the clouded sky at suppertime.

Franz Waxman scored the music, which struck me as adequate and often delightful. Not only the accompaniment but the general position of music in the picture—for the touching business of Tracy and his honest baritone over the handorgan; for the several bits of chanteys and the working song, "Oh—What a Terrible Man!" made up for that crew to sing. Indeed the whole MGM staff has treated this film with so much respect and shrewd artistry that the treatment seems almost unsatisfied, as if it were mutely in search of some bigger theme.

OTIS FERGUSON.

The Bandwagon

Modern sewer systems caused this war [the Spanish civil war]. Certainly—because unimpeded natural selection would have killed off most of the Red vermin. The example of Azafia is a typical case. He might have been carried off by infantile paralysis, but he was saved from it by these cursed sewers. We've got to do away with sewers.—*One of General Franco's officers, quoted by H. R. Knickerbocker, correspondent of the Hearst International News Service.*

Fascism, which has established so close a contact with the thought of Rome and the thought of the Renaissance, has built an atmosphere most favorable for an approach to the great Christian traditions, which have drawn from the same sources.—*Fulvio Suvich, Italian Ambassador to the United States, in an address quoted in The New York American.*

All follow-up correspondence sent out by National Hotel Management Company hotels to couples registered as man and wife is never addressed to "Mr. and Mrs." Instead it is sent only to the man. The reason for this is obvious. Just one such letter sent to an erring husband would precipitate a considerable amount of domestic trouble into which the hotel might very well be drawn. How better can the application of public-relations counsel to advertising be expressed?—*From the magazine, Public Relations.*

CRYING-SHAME DEPARTMENT

The creation of this station would help grow trees in the state of Kansas and I am for it. We do not have enough trees out there to conduct a decent lynching.—*From a statement by Representative Clifford Hope, Republican, Kansas, before the subcommittee of the House of Representatives on the question of a reforestation station. Quoted in News Week.*

A GOOD TRICK

The Communists in other lands, specially those in Germany, France, Austria and the Balkan States, are useful to stir up discontent among the workers of those nations and cause them to envy the rising living and cultural standards of Russia. Stalin wants to encourage them to revolt, to join the new rise of Russian capitalism.—*Boake Carter, in his syndicated column.*

UP-THE-REBELS DEPARTMENT

Colonel Rogers' widow . . . said she expended that sum [\$9,875] for mourning apparel from July 26, 1935, to February 18, 1936, and that it should be included in the funeral expenses. Included in the amount are 419 pairs of hosiery, the total cost of which was \$1,116; three bathing suits, a total of \$21; black persian coat, \$1,135; a pair of shorts, \$8; dozens of handkerchiefs, most of which cost \$3.50 each, one \$5 and one \$6.—*From a news item in The New York Times.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and \$1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic.—THE EDITORS.

C O R R E S P O N D E N C E

D. H. Lawrence and Fascism

SIR: D. H. Lawrence appears from time to time in *The New Republic* under the guise of a fascist. Mr. Whipple, in his excellent article on American "Literature in the Doldrums" [*The New Republic*, April 21] classes him along with Sherwood Anderson, Waldo Frank and Eugene O'Neill as a carnal mystic, a blood thinker, a fascist.

This charge must be met. Lawrence could be a most valuable addition to proletarian literature and philosophy if critics would take the trouble to find out what he had to say.

It is true that Lawrence seems to deny in general. Yet what he really repudiates is the old bourgeois mind. Reaction against the old form of consciousness is one half of what he had to say. The other half is creative rather than destructive. He not only made the "return to nature," recommended by Mr. Whipple as the prerequisite of a genuine fresh start, but he took a tremendous stride forward opening out wider fields of consciousness. It is this latter that the critics have failed to see. Perhaps it will not be fully realized until after the economic totalitarian state has been achieved, and there is again the swing back to interest in the individual—over and above his economic security. Lawrence believed in a totalitarian state—to guarantee the necessities. But he was not content to stop there. How the individual could achieve maturity was the real problem as he saw it. In a generation or so it will perhaps be the problem, and Lawrence will emerge from his "fascist" shroud.

Cambridge, Mass.

HARRY K. WELLS.

Balfour and the Jews

SIR: May I venture to call your attention to a gross misstatement of fact which appears in Robert Morss Lovett's review of the book, "Arthur James Balfour," published in your April 21 issue?

Mr. Lovett stated:

Amid these distractions he [Balfour] issued the Balfour Declaration giving to the Jews the homeland of Palestine.

The text of the declaration as drafted under the direction of Ascher Ginsberg by the Jewish political committee—Sokolow, Weizmann, Leopold Kessler, Cowen, Bentwick, Albert M. Hyamson, Simon Marks, Sacher, Israel Sieff, Leon Simon, Ettiger and Folkovski—reads:

The reconstitution of Palestine as the national home of the Jewish people.

Despite urgent objection to any alteration, a regard for the actual inhabitants compelled the substitution of: "The establishment of a national home in Palestine."

Writing three years later, 1920, Ahad-ha-am (Ascher Ginsberg) said, in "Essays on Judaism and Zionism," translated by Leon Simon, page 15:

It can scarcely be necessary to explain at length the difference between the two versions. Had the British government accepted the version suggested to it, its promise might have been interpreted as meaning that Palestine, inhabited as it now is, was restored to the Jewish people on the ground of its historic right; that the Jewish people was to rebuild its waste places and was destined to rule over it and manage all its affairs in its own way, without regard to the consent or non-consent of its present inhabitants. For this rebuilding (it might have been understood) is only a renewal of the ancient rights of the Jews, which overrides the right of the present inhabitants who have wrongly established their national home on a land not their own.

But the British government did not accept the version suggested, and did not "give the Jews the homeland of Palestine." This be-

cause they had already empowered Sir Henry MacMahon, October 24, 1915, to recognize and support the Arabians' independence within boundaries which included the whole of Palestine. Thus it is obvious that Mr. Lovett has, perchance inadvertently, blundered into serious error.

Tompkins Corners, N. Y.

N. W. ROGERS.

A Modern Prophet

SIR: Have just been reading an excellent little book called "Democratic Collectivism," put out by the H. W. Wilson Company, in which an article of Bruce Bliven's, "Let's Buy America," from the August 3, 1932, *New Republic*, appears, in which, among other significant things, he said: "Everyone knows that whatever a decisive majority of the people want, the Supreme Court eventually comes around to approving." We had to wait just five years to see the positive truth of this statement substantiated. May he always be such a true prophet!

New Albany, Ind.

J. V. SALLYARDS.

Ja, Das Ist Ein Hitlerbank

SIR: "A double room without bath," said mine host, "will be eleven marks, or twelve marks if you don't have breakfast at the hotel, or twelve marks, fifty pfennigs if you do. However, we have no unoccupied eleven-mark rooms. I can give you a nice one with bath for twenty marks."

I looked at my wife and my wife looked at me. We were nearing the end of a long trip as well as our resources. Moreover, we had failed to provide ourselves with sufficient half-price Reichsmarks before entering Germany. Twenty marks meant ten dollars. "Let me show you the room anyway," the manager urged. Then, when he had us alone in the corridor he murmured: "You may have the twenty-mark room for eleven if you promise not to take a bath."

To show his distrust of all Americans he waddled off with the towels.

That evening we wandered about the streets of Berlin. The people looked reasonably well dressed and well fed, but we saw few smiles and no Jewish faces on Unter den Linden or the Friedrichstrasse. In fact our friends got a shock when my wife asked the hotel porter to look up the name of her former governess in the phone book.

"Madame," he replied with hauteur, "this is a Jewish name you have given me. There are no Jewish names in the Berlin telephone directory!"

The porter put us on a Paris train which he assured us took only twelve hours for the trip, but which actually got us to our destination after twenty hours. In the jammed compartment we discovered that although our German had been good enough for Berlin, it apparently meant nothing to our fellow passengers. At first we elicited a little information about the countryside but after the guard had made us produce our American passports all further efforts to enter into conversation were met with polite stares and shaking heads.

The ridiculous climax of our trip through Germany took place as we were nearing the Belgian border. We had been annoyed during the day by an official in blue uniform and gold braid who passed through the coach at intervals, stopping each time to bark unintelligibly at us. At first we thought he was calling the names of stations. Then my wife insisted she heard him shout "*Schwein-hund*." Listening carefully the next time he came by I also heard the same insult, coupled with several other unpleasant words beginning in "s."

As it grew dusk I was standing in the corridor smoking a cigarette when he came storming through once more. I leaned against the window so that he might pass back of me. Instead of doing so he grabbed me by the shoulder, jammed me back into the com-

partment, stepping on my toes the while, stalked grandly in front of me and disappeared into the vestibule before I could quite realize what had happened.

We reported our experiences at the Paris office of the steamship company from which we had purchased through tickets before leaving New York.

"You're lucky it wasn't worse," a worried attendant told us. "Yesterday one of your countrymen reported that he had been roughly handled for offering the train guard an American cigarette. Several others have advised us that all their dollars were appropriated at the border by customs officials who insisted that their money declarations were not in order. I'm sorry, but in Germany these days, Americans travel at their own risk."

WALLACE WEST.

New York City.

Help the Basque Refugee Children

SIR: The Basque refugees are still with us. Now, just a few short days after the Guernica horror, the German bombardment of Almeria on the one hand, and the wedding bells at Monts on the other, take the first pages. The hundred thousand Basque refugees tend to be lost in the shuffle. I am asking this space in *The New Republic* to remind you that the intervening days have increased the size of the problem thrust into the hands of all civilized peoples.

The Paris committee for the care of Basque refugees sent 3,800 children to England. The English committee found tents but lacked boards to make the floors; hence the 3,800 children were disembarked and given their first good night's sleep, after the bombardment, on rubber blankets spread out on the ground. The English committee said, simply—"We'll take them and trust to 'whatever gods there be,' plus the character of the English people, to provide for these outcasts."

Belgium has taken 500 and Holland 500. It ought to be interesting to our 130,000,000 Americans, the richest people in the world (are we really the most generous?) that Mexico accepted 500 an hour after the request came. The Mexican quota is now on the sea.

Hundreds of American families, and numerous organizations have poured their offers of hospitality into our office. The children will be cared for when they arrive. Funds are required to bring them over. I believe that Americans wish to do something.

The Department of State in Washington will facilitate the passage of these children by every means at its disposal within the law. We are now waiting the final decision of the Department of Labor. However, if any insurmountable legal difficulty appears, all funds, without the deduction of a single cent, will be sent to the French committee to be used to provide for refugees upon French soil.

The terror of Hitler's aerial attack upon defenseless Guernica and the Basque countryside was tenfold more outrageous than anything done by the German invasion in Belgium in 1914. We helped the Belgians with millions of dollars. Can we not now spend a few thousands to help the shell-shocked and starving Basque refugee children? Mail contributions to American Guardians for Basque Refugee Children, 20 Vesey Street, New York City.

FRANK BOHN, Secretary.

New York City.

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Lucy P. Eastman, of New York City, advances the idea that conservative business men are often the unwitting cause of social reforms. She says the campaign of the industrialists against direct relief paved the way for an even more expensive program of work relief; and one reason for the introduction of a federal child-labor amendment was the complaint of business men that many industries were moving out of states that already had adopted child-labor legislation.

Delmore Schwartz, of New York City, disagrees with Malcolm Cowley's praise of Archibald MacLeish's radio play, "The Fall of the City." Mr. Schwartz thinks this piece does not represent a new and "realistic" art form and he repudiates its political thesis that the people invent their own oppressors. Summarizing, he

says: "The trouble is, and one would expect Malcolm Cowley to be the first to see it, that MacLeish is a good lyric poet, but not a dramatic poet and not a narrative poet, 'Conquistador' itself being merely an extended lyric, as Allen Tate observed. Naturally the lyric poet begins to worry about realism when he writes a play, and naturally he supposes that the people's emotion is responsible for the dictator."

M. B. Zerwick, of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, 218 West Fortieth Street, New York City, reminds us that the Union's contest for full-length plays dealing with some aspect of present social conflicts closes on July 1. . . . Abner Green, of the American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born, tells us that thirty-one persons prominent in the fields of letters, education and social work have written to Representative Samuel Dickstein, chairman of the House Committee on Immigration, urging favorable consideration of the Celler bill, H.R. 5687. The bill provides that "no alien shall be excluded from admission to or deported from the United States if such alien is a refugee for political, racial or religious reasons from the country of his origin."

Along comes B. G. Butler, of Portland, Oregon, this week to proclaim polygamy as the cure for the world's ills. He says, "Polygamy will spread the buying power of the nation more evenly and we won't have to worry about unemployment." . . . Whidden Graham, of New York City, refuses to get sentimental over the sale of the Brick Presbyterian Church, long a landmark on Fifth Avenue in New York. He says the church originally paid \$58,000 for lots now being sold for \$1,400,000, and wants to know why some of this unearned increment has not gone into public revenues.

Edwina Kenney Hegland, of Palo Alto, California, tells of a new propaganda trick that has appeared out there. A large bakery pays its employees in dollar bills that are wrapped in a cellophane jacket bearing the inscription: "Another payroll dollar adding to the prosperity of this community. Please do not remove this wrapper."

Arthur E. Bestor Jr., assistant professor of History at Teachers' College, Columbia University, tells us he is writing a book about Fourierist socialism in the United States and would like to hear from anyone who may have original material dealing with any one of the thirty-odd communities founded in this country under Fourierist auspices. He is especially looking for files or copies of Fourierist periodicals.

Rose Baron, secretary of the Prisoners' Relief Fund of the International Labor Defense, Room 610, 80 East Eleventh Street, New York City, calls our attention to the third annual drive for a summer milk fund for the children of labor and political prisoners and solicits contributions from our readers.

What's on the Air?

William Allen White discusses current political theories in considering what are the "Obligations of Democracy." Saturday, June 12, 5 P.M., CBS.

A special summer program of America's Town Meeting of the Air is broadcast from the Institute of Public Affairs at the University of Virginia, with Senator Nye of North Dakota and Clark M. Eichelberger, president of the League of Nations Association, examining the question, "Can America Remain Neutral?" Tuesday, June 8, 10 to 11 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

Dr. Harold G. Moulton of the Brookings Institution addresses the annual convention of the National Junior Chamber of Commerce on the state of the nation's business. Wednesday, June 16, 4 to 4:30 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

Dr. Robert M. Hutchins, president of the University of Chicago, utilizes the radio to deliver what he calls a national commencement address, intended not only for the graduating class but also for students, alumni and any members of the general public who may care to listen in. Friday, June 18, 8:15 to 8:30 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

Musical programs of the week include Josephine Antoinette, American coloratura, as soloist with a symphony orchestra directed by Eugene Ormandy, Sunday, June 13, 9 to 10 P.M., CBS; and Frank Black directing the NBC String Symphony, Wednesday, June 16, 9 to 10 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

All times given are Eastern Daylight Saving Time.

The Tedious Archangel

Pedlar's Progress: The Life of Bronson Alcott, by Odell Shepard. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 566 pages. \$3.75.

MR. SHEPARD'S book is the work to which Little, Brown and Company have awarded the prize offered by them in celebration of their hundredth anniversary as publishers, and it turns out to be that white blackbird among prize-winners, a book that bestows quite as much honor as it receives. If you grant the point of view from which Mr. Shepard writes—and many of us will not be able to grant it—it is hard to see how a better book about Bronson Alcott could be written. The subject itself, of course, is as engagingly human—and almost as “significant”—as such a subject could be, and the two earlier books about it, ponderous in the one case, sketchy in the other, left its real substance as if untouched for the right biographer; but not many readers, at that, could have expected it to prove so fruitful a theme for narrative, for picture-making, for the study of personality, as Mr. Shepard has shown it to be.

He very evidently approached the life and character of “Orphic” Alcott—Carlyle’s “venerable Don Quixote”—with all the sympathy in the world; but he is no disciple, committed to the simple view and the single line, and he brings into focus Emerson’s “tedious archangel” quite as clearly as the man whom Emerson also thought the greatest visionary of his time. The eccentric, the Micawber, the idealistic egotist that Alcott was—these Mr. Shepard refuses to suppress, but he keeps them rigorously in their place; he resists the temptation to exploit the facile humor in them; and the Alcott who emerges from these thoughtful and imaginative pages is mainly the man who ought to emerge—the man who braved the philistines of Cheshire and Boston with his program for the liberation of childhood, who as much as almost any other American made a more human education possible, and whose career was a quiet but vital protest against the self-seeking worldliness of his time. He emerges, however, not as a misty symbol, but tangibly, visibly and dramatically: as the sturdy country boy of Spindle Hill, as the Yankee peddler in Virginia, as the patient and kindly Socrates of the Temple School, as the day laborer of Concord, the reformer of Fruitlands, the conductor of “Conversations.” No doubt this portrait depends for its fullness on those manuscript journals which Mr. Shepard was perhaps the first man to read through; it depends still more on Mr. Shepard’s feeling and skill.

It suffers only, but it suffers on one level seriously, from the fact that it is drawn from a point of view too close to Alcott’s own, and that it is a point of view from which, after all, the whole bearing of Alcott’s career simply cannot be charted. In short, Mr. Shepard himself, like his sitter, is an idealist by persuasion; like Alcott, he believes that “pure contemplation” is “the supreme good that life can offer”; and though, like all idealists, he resorts to naturalistic explanations when they serve his purpose, in the last analysis he makes his appeal to intuition and transcendental faith. Under the circumstances, they have not led him, I think, to falsify the large outlines, the essential spirit, of Alcott’s character and career, but they have certainly blinded him to some of its interesting implications.

They have blinded Mr. Shepard, for example, to all the aspects of Alcott’s failure as a social reformer at Fruitlands in that day of Fourieristic and other communitarian experiments; they have allowed him to rely, for his knowl-

edge of Utopian Socialism, on such shallow works as Gilbert Seldes’ “The Stammering Century” rather than on the writings of Fourier, of Owen and of Brisbane themselves. If he had read these men, and not Mr. Seldes, it is hard to see how, generally fair-minded as he is, Mr. Shepard could have said that “theirs was a shopkeeping morality, and a philosophy merely prudential”! With a more critical attitude, moreover, toward Alcott’s idealism, he would have seen exactly why the “greed and ambition” that “tightened their grip on the land after the Civil War” aroused in Alcott “no righteous wrath”; why “the condition of labor in the factories” was met only by silence on Alcott’s side. He would have seen and said that this silence, this acquiescence, are the bournes toward which transcendentalism, by its essential tenor, inevitably moves. His book, in that case, would have had a value for us that, as it stands, one cannot grant it. On every other ground, “Pedlar’s Progress” deserves every cent of the generous prize it won.

NEWTON ARVIN.

The Next-to-Last Democracy

Which Way France? by Alexander Werth. New York: Harper and Brothers. 414 pages. \$3.

THE AUTHOR of “Which Way France?” is almost the ideal foreign correspondent. He is well informed and conscientious; he also is a sensitive writer who seems to know to perfection the cultural and historical background of the country he describes. Moreover, unlike some of his American colleagues who frequent the high aristocracy and would never cable, to their “democratic” newspapers, any news that had not been dictated to them by their respectable friends, Mr. Werth also interviews “ordinary” people who work for a living: farmers and workers. Neither is he afflicted with the detestable habit of crawling before the “great” statesman of the day. His portraits of Laval, Doumergue and other famous politicians are little masterpieces of realism; it is not the author’s fault if these portraits are cruel. And although Mr. Werth has nothing of the professional scoop-hunter, he personally witnessed the most important events that happened during the five years which are the subject of his book. He saw “the German soul of the Saar” celebrating its triumph over the status-quo partisans with such brio that even dogs were running in the streets with swastika flags around their necks; he saw British diplomats at Stresa, who capitulated to Mussolini with the most solemn airs; he talked to the first sit-down strikers and learned from them that the sit-downs were not exactly a holiday for the workers who voluntarily had imprisoned themselves in the factories—though, thanks to the resources of their own imaginations, these voluntary prisoners kept themselves so busy that they “had not even time to read a paper,” while the foremen who kept aloof “were very bored and miserable.” By a thousand living details of this kind, all keenly observed, the author succeeds in communicating to the reader an intimate feeling of the French political scene in its effects on the daily life of the people, a feeling that enriches and enlivens the main narrative.

This narrative covers the years 1932 to 1936; it tells the gloomy story of the disintegration of the League and the “decline of France as the leading European power.” Mr. Werth does not hide his sympathies and beliefs: he is deeply attached to the values of liberalism, and seems to imply that the recent European developments are due to blunders committed by liberal statesmen. “If we stopped feeling inferior to the Fascist countries, we might yet pull through. For

the Fascist countries have physical strength, supported by the crudest kind of bluffing—but nothing else.” “Nothing else” means no intelligence. Mr. Werth believes that the better brains are on the side of democracy. We sincerely hope that Mr. Werth is right; but in the meantime we find it hard to believe that if something is rotten in the state of democracy, it is because its leaders act like Hamlets.

This diagnosis puts things upside down. It is not true that the “Fascist countries have physical strength”; if it were, their bluff would not be a bluff. What is true is that their tremendous weaknesses are camouflaged by crude boasting. Mr. Werth’s great achievement in this book is precisely to show, not by reasoning, but by being accurate in his descriptions, that facts like the conquest of Ethiopia, the failure of the French to encourage the partisans of the status quo in the Saar, the passivity of the Locarno powers when faced with the militarization of the Rhineland—and many others—were due not to mistakes, but to the germs of the Fascist cancer that democracies tolerate within themselves.

It is true that the Leftist victory of May, 1936, suppressed the immediate threat of a Fascist coup, and that at the end of that year “France was, internally, in a remarkably stable position.” But Blum failed to take decisive measures against the recurrence of the threat. His Cabinet enacted profound labor reforms; but the workers still must fight in order to obtain their enforcement. No doubt “France is steadily regaining her equilibrium—the equilibrium of a great democratic republic.” But this is precisely the trouble: instead of continuing the early conquests, the slogan has become “equilibrium.” In practice, this means that Right-wing journalists and deputies continue with impunity to preach sedition and appeal to Hitler in order to influence French internal policies; that the Foreign Office and the police are still infested with Fascist officials; and that the Leftist government—as recently happened at Clichy—uses its troops to protect Fascist meetings.

Mr. Werth does not formulate any categorical conclusions concerning the future of France. He ends his book on a note of anxiety: there is Hitler at Berchtesgaden, and Fascist expeditionary forces fight in Spain. The future depends on Spain. A loyalist victory would undoubtedly give another opportunity to Blum; he would be able to get rid of his internal enemies, whose treacherous activities would then be apparent.

NORBERT GUTERMAN.

Trotsky’s Case

The Revolution Betrayed, by Leon Trotsky. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 315 pages. \$2.50.

THIS BOOK was written before the recent trials. With the exception of its overstated title, it represents Trotsky’s first attempt in some time at a restrained and reasoned statement of his indictment of the Stalin regime and the present methods of Soviet leadership. Whereas many of his tracts invite to a psychological study of their author and his embittered and passionate incapacity to see anything but evil in the existing governmental and economic trend, the present work constitutes an invitation to a logical examination of its premises, their inner coherence and consistency, with the conclusions Trotsky himself draws from the indictment.

As prosecutor he scores many telling points against Stalin and his methods: the hero cult; organized sycophancy raised to a system; theoretical slipshodness and crudity of formulations; bureaucratic methods; decay and choking-off of inner

party democracy and of the once vigorous life of the Soviets as governmental institutions; limiting discussion and “self-criticism” to the criticism of opponents and the elimination of secondary evils, never permitting an examination of the “infallible” leader, the omniscient and always correct Politbureau and the untouchable general line; fatal blunders in the policies dictated to the Communist International by its Russian leadership which have reduced the Comintern to a condition of self-defeating impotence.

Yet one who is acquainted with the full background of the issues involved cannot help thinking that Trotsky does not come into court with clean hands on most of these matters. His works, including the present one, are no less permeated with a consciousness of infallibility. He invented the ultra-left line in international policies before Stalin picked it up and “improved” upon it. Then he swung to an opportunist line on Germany (back to the Weimar Constitution and bourgeois democracy) which Stalin picked up later and which Trotsky so scathingly denounces today. As to bureaucracy, is his “Fourth International” any more democratic, any less a one-man show, any less completely dominated by its “Russian faction” and factional considerations?

Moreover, Trotsky could have made a much more effective case for these charges if he had been willing to limit himself to them and prove them to the hilt. They constitute a serious enough indictment, one would think, and a large enough task. But Trotsky makes all these matters subordinate to an indictment of the general economic line for the construction of socialism in the Soviet Union and an attempt to draw conclusions therefrom that the Communist Party and the Soviet system have so far degenerated that they are now incapable of reform but must be overthrown by a fresh revolution. Therein lies the significance of his plans for a new party in Russia, for a new international, for the preparation of an uprising, and therein lies the significance of the striking title of the book, “The Revolution Betrayed.”

Yet he does not seem to have quite made up his mind to make it a treason case. He fills the book with evidence that things are far from perfect in the Soviet Union, and effectively sets off this evidence by contrasting it with theoretical crudities and vain and stupid boastings on the part of Soviet leaders. The proofs he usually derives from other official sources which disprove the boastings. Nowhere does he spend much time or clarity on the task of proving that these imperfections are due to the calculated treasonable actions of the bureaucracy. In fact, he makes a rather convincing case for the attribution of a good part of them to the inevitable difficulties of a society in transition in a backward country. The reader is repeatedly forced to the conclusion that Stalin and his Politbureau are neither so infallible as they claim to be, nor the betrayers of the Revolution that Trotsky sets out to prove them.

Indeed, Trotsky expends curiously little energy in linking up his recital of defects to the conception of betrayal. And this is apparently due to the fact that he seems to have a mystic faith in his formula concerning “Socialism in One Country,” as if the mere repetition of its awful accents were enough to make all recitals of defects and details automatically fall into line as a single picture of betrayal.

Thus, the central question at issue by Trotsky’s own choice is the question of “Socialism in One Country,” and we are forced to examine this important matter in some detail. The issues involved may be stated in the following terms:

The problem first arose during the course of the year 1920. Prior to that the rising tide of post-war revolt gave promise of the rapid extension of the Russian Revolution to

other countries. But with the defeat of the Spartacans in Germany, the fall of the Bavarian and Hungarian Soviets, the retreat of the Red Army from the gates of Warsaw, and the self-defeating tactics of the Italian labor movement which paved the way for the rise of fascism in Italy, it became clear that the Russian Revolution was not destined, at least for the moment, to develop into world revolution. Trotsky himself prefers not to trace the question quite so far back but to begin with the last rearguard action defeats of the ebbing revolutionary wave in 1923 and 1924. Prior to that Lenin was still in power and Trotsky an important figure in the Communist International; hence it is necessary to start a bit later or the defeats in question cannot be ascribed to the Stalinist "betrayal" of the Revolution.

But even as early as 1920 the acute intelligence of Lenin, little given to self-deception, perceived the new problems posed to the Russian Revolution by "the delay of the Revolution in the West." What could the Russian workers do now with the power they had seized in a backward and ruined land? No longer could they hope to combine the natural resources of Russia with the advanced technique of Germany in a common socialist economic system. Could they then hold out at all? Could they enter into trade and diplomatic relations with a hostile capitalist world? Could they reconstruct their ruined economy? Could they, if not attacked for a period of years, march forward toward socialism on the basis of their own resources? Or would they, if the revolution in the West were long delayed, inevitably degenerate, get tangled in the maze of their own difficulties and inner contradictions? Would those contradictions grow as their economy expanded till they became insupportable? Or would they rather lessen and the economy become ever more plentiful, more coördinated, more socialist? These are the real questions involved in the problem of "the possibility of constructing socialism in one country."

Trotsky answered these questions in the following fashion:

1. At first he was inclined to believe that the Russian Revolution could not hold out long as an isolated revolution.
2. He soon modified this into the view that Russian economy might heal its wounds, hold on for a time, grow stronger, but could not become gradually more independent of the capitalist world. Rather with its growth it would become ever more closely linked up to the latter.
3. Furthermore, "in an isolated proletarian dictatorship, the internal and external contradictions grow inevitably with the growing successes. Remaining isolated the proletarian state must finally become a victim of these contradictions."

Stalin proceeded from a contrary view, and that has been the real source of his strength in his controversy with Trotsky. "You can't build socialism in one country" was a poor and negative formula with which to develop the great pull and mass effort of the five-year plans and Russia's attempt to overcome its technical backwardness, and develop its basic productive "capital" out of its own resources by "tightening its belt" without becoming dependent upon foreign capitalist financing. The five-year plans had as their aim the development of basic industry at whatever cost so as to render Russia more independent of foreign industry, the speedy construction of war and defense industries, and as rapid a march toward socialism as possible.

In the present work, Trotsky retains his central dogma, but it becomes much vaguer than in previous writings. He recognizes "the experimental proof of the practicability of

socialist methods" and "the unprecedented tempo of Russia's industrial development." He narrows down his polemic to an exhibition of imperfections and to theoretic and scholastic proof that what exists today in Russia is far from complete socialism. In this of course, he is right, as Stalin himself, in less boastful and careless moments, is quite prepared to admit. But this is not the same as proving that Russia is not marching toward socialism, nor can ever conceivably build a society superior to capitalist economy in productivity, culture and well-being. As to the accusation implied in the title, "The Revolution Betrayed," we can only state on the basis of the evidence introduced by the prosecution and without even asking the defense to open its rebuttal: "Charges not proved. Case dismissed."

BERTRAM D. WOLFE.

The Horrors

Wheel of Fortune, by Alberto Moravia. Translated by Arthur Livingston. New York: The Viking Press. \$2.50.

AFTER reading Alberto Moravia's novel, "Wheel of Fortune," one cannot help wondering just what there was about the book to cause Mussolini's press, prompted by government censorship, to greet it with a conspiracy of silence. Not a word in it can be remotely interpreted as an indictment of fascism. Not an inkling is to be found throughout its 549 pages that it is of contemporary Italy that Moravia writes and not of the Italy that used to be, before Mussolini—like Bunthorne—came over it. The jacket blurb invests the twenty-nine-year-old author with a talent for "relentless social analysis." One looks in vain for that talent, in the pages of "Wheel of Fortune." Sordid situations, brutal scenes, surgical dissections of neurotic men and women, blood, passion and bald sensationalism are all to be found in the novel; but of social analysis there is none.

The roily intrigues of the kept woman Andreina might have been carried out as plausibly in a psychopathic ward as in a street along the Tiber's banks; the geographical locale has little to do with the story. Sex is the driving force—sex and Andreina's maniacal lust to be rid of her lover's wife. The whole novel is taken up with the execution of her plot. "Pietro—Sofia's fiancé and Matteo's friend! Matteo—her lover and Pietro's friend! Maria Luisa—Matteo's wife, Pietro's friend, and the support both of Matteo and Sofia! They would all be betrayed, and the one by the other. They would all get what they deserved." And, for the purposes of sensational fiction, they do, by the time the last page is reached.

Only twice in the book are there any observations of a vaguely social or political nature. The first is made by a half-crazed professor suffering from paranoia. "Just so! Gangs and Camorristi everywhere!" he cries out when he remembers how he lost his job. The second comes from Pietro, the most despicable of the none-too-sympathetic characters in the book, when, in defense of his behavior, he says: "Conscience is a good thing to have. Look at the English. They sit on half the world, and have had little else but tender consciences." A sop to Mussolini? As a novel of the contemporary Italian scene, "Wheel of Fortune" might have been written in a vacuum.

Unfortunately the same criticism might be leveled at other novels that have been coming out of Italy during the last decade, more particularly during the last few years. (One must bear in mind that Ignazio Silone is the one notable exception; but then, he is an exile of the Fascist

government.) Whether they be the work of Aldo Palazzeschi, a writer of considerable talent, or the froth of the best-selling humorist, Pittigrilli, they are laid in some Never Never Land, as far removed from the Italy of dictatorships and Ethiopian conquests as the Nephelococcygia of Aristophanes—a fool's paradise where political and social problems cease from troubling and harried authors are at rest. After all, it can be no fun to write under the vigilance of the censor, ready to reach out and clap the offender in some Castel Sant'Angelo, or send him off to the African colonies, there to yield his sweetness, if not his carcass, to the desert air.

Under different circumstances it is conceivable that Moravia could become an Italian Aldous Huxley; he has the Englishman's trenchant mind and the same effective command of words, as evidenced in Arthur Livingston's impeccable translation. Unhappily, like the rest of his contemporaries at home, Moravia has had to resort to the safe expedient of intellectual escape. FRANCES WINWAR.

The Liberal in War

Grey of Falloden, by George Macaulay Trevelyan. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 460 pages. \$3.75.

THE Liberal Party was dying, and Grey died with it." Mr. Trevelyan is writing of 1933, the year of Grey's death, but the first part of the sentence had been true since the Liberals entered on their last session of power in 1906. At that date Europe was already at the point where diplomacy becomes the preliminary skirmish of war; and the state of war, as Mr. A. G. Gardiner has remarked, is the negation of the creed of liberalism, for "the temper of the war mind is intolerant of its appeal to reasonable ideas." It was Grey's misfortune as it was that of other liberals, of Asquith and Wilson and Bethmann-Hollweg, to be in the place of power and responsibility when the crash came. The misfortune became a tragedy in the case of Grey, who in mind and temperament was the most honest and devoted liberal of them all.

Readers of Mr. Trevelyan's book will accept this verdict, in spite of differences of opinion over many of the details of Grey's policy. As Foreign Minister he inherited the Algeiras Conference over Morocco, and welcomed Roosevelt's blundering interference to induce the Kaiser to accept a diplomatic defeat. Perhaps it would have been better to moderate the triumph of France on that occasion. Apparently Lord Charnock, the British representative, thought so. Grey inherited also the "military conversations" with France that were concealed from the Cabinet until 1912. Mr. Trevelyan remarks that "the Prime Minister . . . was surely more responsible for this decision than Grey." The agreement with Russia to divide Persia into spheres of influence was in accordance with Grey's principles not to start a big fire to put out a little one. Mr. Trevelyan somewhat acidly notes that his critics "have never said which of these two agreeable alternatives—war or the abandonment of Persia—they would have preferred." The most persistent criticism of Grey's policy has been upon his failure to make it clear in July, 1914, that England would go into the War on the side of France and Russia. Mr. Trevelyan points out that this decision rested with Parliament, and further that if Grey had anticipated it he would have lost his influence for peace with Germany and Austria, and would have encouraged France and Russia to intransigence. As to Grey's scruples over the violation of the neutrality of Greece, Mr. Trevelyan merely

inquires, "was it a time and place to be respectable, and was our respectability saved in the end?" Much of this seems like special pleading, but it illustrates the dilemmas of the liberal in a world at war. Mr. Trevelyan seems to himself on firm ground when he dwells upon Grey's affectionate relations with our statesmen, Theodore Roosevelt, Colonel House, Walter Page. Americans can scarcely blame him for taking advantage of their innocence, though the kiss was of death. Mr. Trevelyan's comment in regard to the secret treaties covers the whole story: "It is a dreadful thing to be responsible for the survival of your country in war."

Aside from the War, Mr. Trevelyan gives a convincing and delightful picture of Grey as a gentleman whose love of his country was essentially a deeply rooted physical attachment to her soil and people, and who responded reluctantly to the duty of directing her public affairs. By preference Grey would have ranged himself with Izaak Walton, White of Selborne, William H. Hudson. From his youth a fisherman, a bird lover, an explorer of nature, in every sense he was an exemplification of Wordsworth's doctrine of the value of pure associations in building a character. His happiness was in his family, his home, his friends, his books; his faith was of an integrity that belongs to an earlier age. The sorrows of his private life, above all his sacrifice of sight—his visual approach to the things dearest to him—to the service of his country set a last mark of distinction on a life that was noble in its aims, tragic in its destiny.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Faith without Works

Midnight on the Desert, by J. B. Priestley. New York: Harper and Brothers. 310 pages. \$3.

MR. PRIESTLEY has had a lot to live down in the United States ever since a Boston reporter told the world that the author had said "Bah" to Boston and many worse things about the country in general. That all this was pure fabrication is best proved by this book; a philosophical travel book with an American setting. Boulder Dam, Thomas Wolfe, the Marx Brothers, the Grand Canyon—these left a deep impression, but it is chiefly the collectivist nature of the people that has hit home. Mr. Priestley poohpoohs the whole theory of rugged individualism: he sees a nation admirably adapted to socialism and moving in that direction at high speed, with a fear of being stigmatized as "unusual" and "odd" one of the main factors in the process.

As a Liberal Socialist (*i. e.*, one who believes that the "state's" function is to supply the "community" gratis with the bare essentials of life and leave the individual in control of the luxuries), he welcomes the collectivist trend but would like to see his future state enriched by a fourth dimension. In short, he has succumbed to a theory that has become very popular in England, namely: "Regressive Time," and he gives a very good account of Dunne's "Serialism" and Ouspensky's time-fantasy of righting present wrongs by "preventing" the past. In these and other of his theories there is nothing of a reactionary nature, but one is left with the impression of a faith that is more optimistic than anything else: Mr. Priestley *hopes* for a better world and describes what it might be like, but save for a few minor hints there is little suggestion of the basic means that should be employed to the desired end; no vestige of a bridge between the present and the future.

RICHARD VAUGHAN.

Books in Brief

The Friendly Tree, by Cecil Day Lewis. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

THIS FIRST novel—a little surprisingly, after Mr. Lewis' Left poetry and criticism—deals chiefly with a young girl's awakening to love. Anna, nineteen and romantic, longs for a lover who will release her from the domination of her schoolmaster-father, and meets Steve Hallam, a young Oxford man visiting a sophisticated pair in the neighborhood. As Steve and Anna come to know one another they fall in love, and then marry. Steve's entanglement with the worldly neighbor brings the novel rather flatly to a close. The book suggests somewhat the brief idyllic love story "As It Was," written ten years ago by Helen Thomas, the wife of the English poet, Edward Thomas, who was killed in the War. But it lacks the autobiographical forthrightness that made that story appealing, and is too limited in theme and plot to permit the convincing development of imagined characters. Mr. Lewis describes Steve Hallam as socially conscious, but except for his slight delay in finding a job Steve's radicalism seems almost entirely outside his experience and the many references to it make the characterization artificial. One suspects that if Mr. Lewis had set himself a less "simple" task he would have brought it off more successfully.

B. D.

The Gasoline Age, by C. B. Glasscock. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 359 pages. \$3.

The automobiles of yesterday—the Winton, the Dort, the Maxwell, the Moon and others—go chugging sentimentally through these pages. But the book is essentially a series of Alger-like biographies of the big men of the industry. The most dramatic is that of William C. Durant, the only unfriendly one is that of Ford. The early hardships of Charles W. Nash would win the reader's sympathy if barely recounted—the author unfortunately gets gooey about them. There are some interesting and important facts presented, among plenty of the stale phrases ("The Olds outfit was full of vim, vigor and vitality") you have to steer around, and there is a valuable forty-six-page list of cars that have been made, with date and place of manufacture. This book must have been completed not long before the sit-downs began, but it gives no basis for understanding the forces that produced them.

H. T. M.

Prelude to Chemistry. An Outline of Alchemy, Its Literature and Relationships, by John Read. New York: The Macmillan Company. 353 pages, illustrated. \$5.

In this sumptuous volume the lore—and the lure—of alchemy are celebrated by a scholar who unites erudition with humor and both with a fine literary elegance. Professor Read (of St. Andrews University, Scotland) will astonish his readers, both lay and specialist, by the range of his knowledge and by his mastery of the intricate symbolisms of the hermetic art. Primarily a history of the origins, development and bewildering ramifications of alchemy, this book is also a major source document for future study of the subject, an indispensable supplement to the vaster—but far less animated—monograph by the American, Lynn Thorndike. The text is illustrated by as fascinating a collection of rare plates, drawings and engravings as one may hope to find anywhere in so small a compass. Read as a chapter in the never-to-be-finished book of human errors and illusions, this volume is absorbing and valuable.

H. W.

Don Gypsy, by Walter Starkie. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 525 pages. \$3.50.

Walter Starkie, professor of Spanish at Dublin University, is a violinist, a linguist, a man keenly interested in gypsy folklore and a connoisseur of good wine—well, anyhow, of wine. On several occasions, he has used his university vacations to wander through countries where the gypsies are to be found, consorting with them not as a patronizing superior but as friend and boon companion. This book records the latest of these journeys. Mr. Starkie bravely started out with only a few coppers in his pockets, and wandered through parts of North Africa and southern Spain as an itinerant beggar-musician, playing in the streets, cafés, occasionally in a brothel, meeting authentic gypsies when he could, but equally glad to share a bottle of the vintage of the countryside, a meager meal or a hard pallet with any casual shepherd or carter met along the way. He is not greatly interested in political matters: traveling through Spain only a few months before the present revolution, he gave no inkling of the coming storm. (For that matter, many professional experts in Spanish public affairs were equally innocent of any premonition.) He reports much and bitter poverty, but his attitude toward it is that of his gypsy friends: people are poor; they have always been poor; presumably poverty will go on. Another bottle of wine, compañero, and a song about love, its sadness and its joy.

B. B.

The Gods Arrive, by Grant Lewi. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. \$2.50.

This is the story of Karl Horton, his failure as an artist, his success as a business man and his final resolve to pioneer a new social order. It is also the story of Hargue's Department Store, for, halfway through the book, Mr. Lewi shifts emphasis from the intimate emotions and internal struggles of his hero to an exceedingly instructive examination of the workings of one of our giant retail concerns. This second half of the novel is both more original and more interesting than the first. In Horton's rapid ascent through the mazes of the Hargue hierarchy to a point close to the summit, the reader is thoroughly familiarized with what goes on back of the counter from the point of view, not of the exploited white-collar slave, but rather of the fellow who in terms of dollars and cents has no kick coming. Mr. Lewi's direct political comments are tinged with a certain distrust of the masses and are slightly dated, but that doesn't cripple his story.

D. J.

The Mind and Art of Jonathan Swift, by Ricardo Quintana. New York: The Oxford University Press. 410 pages. \$3.75.

Here is a book which will prove hard going for that large class of readers who take their biography with a dash of Freud. Mr. Quintana is addressing the informed student of Augustan England. Against a clearly sketched social background he traces Swift's intellectual progress both through his more popular writings and through an exhaustive study of his little known political pamphlets; of particular interest to the modern student is the section on Swift as the first Irish literary patriot. Mr. Quintana's biography is to be recommended for its precise statement of the ideas which made up the conscious mind of the great Dean of St. Patrick's, poet, pamphleteer, satirist, excoriator of mankind, who though pronounced mad was still sufficiently the critic to turn on himself and say, in his last recorded words: "I am a fool."

D. J.

New Republic readers are cordially invited
to the
June Conference

of the
League for Industrial Democracy

at
Napanoch Country Club, Napanoch, N. Y.

JUNE 18th — 20th, 1937

Subject: "TOWARD A FARMER-LABOR PARTY"

Speakers: NORMAN THOMAS, GEORGE SOULE, Congressman JOHN T. BERNARD, EARL BROWDER, JAMES B. CAREY, JULIUS HOCHMAN, JOSEPH SCHLOSSBERG, MURRAY BARON, ALFRED BINGHAM, JOHN J. DILLON, ARTHUR HUGGINS, JOHN H. BOSCH, and others.

For information write to

DR. HARRY W. LAIDLER, League for Industrial Democracy
112 East 19th Street, New York City

See the
Soviet Union
Intimately!
Edutavel
July 3rd
sailings

with
LANGSTON HUGHES
60 days.....\$499*

with
JOHN L. SPIVAK
57 days.....\$689**

with
BROADUS MITCHELL
49 days.....\$573**
Sailing July 24th

* 3rd class ocean passage
** 3rd class ocean passage and
2nd class in the Soviet Union
EDUTRAVEL, Inc.
55 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.
Tel. GRamercy 7-3284-5

—JUNE VACATION JOYS—

Tennis, handball, horses, hiking
music, mirth and melody... congenial
people... Interesting and diversified
activities... are to be found at

BLUE MOUNTAIN LODGE

N. Y. Central to Harmon — taxi to Lodge
PEEKSKILL Phone 1403 N. Y.

Workmen's Circle Camp

SYLVAN LAKE, Hopewell Junction, N. Y.

A progressive summer place for young and old.
CHILDREN'S CAMP: Co-ed Boys and Girls, ages 6-14
years.

INTERMEDIATE COLONY: Co-ed Boys and Girls,
ages 15-16.

All Camp activities. Educational activities are con-
ducted with particular stress on the progressive char-
acter of the organization.

A non-profit institution

Prices in children's Camp, for members, \$150 per season.
\$75 1st half season; \$50 2nd half season; \$32 for two
weeks. Intermediate Colony, \$32.00 for two weeks.
Prices for non-members \$1.00 more per week. Prices
for Adults: for Members \$18 to \$24; for Non-Members
\$19—\$25.

For further information Call or Write to:
175 E. BROADWAY, N. Y. Phone: ORchard 4-6000-2052

CAMP AT

LANDE'S Lakelawn

AN IDEAL SPOT ON THE LAKE
For a cool, healthful summer.

Swimming, Fishing, Boating, Golfing
408 Lake Drive Lakewood, N. J.
Tel. Lakewood 1487

RESORT RATES:

DISPLAY RATES
1 inch 1 insertion...\$4.00
1 inch 3 insertions...5.50
1 inch 6 insertions...8.00

CLASSIFIED RATES
1 line of 6 pt. (6 words)
40c
1 line of 5 pt. (7 words)
33 1-3c

No reduction for repeat
insertions on less
than 1/2 in.

THE
NEW REPUBLIC
40 E. 49th St., N. Y. C.

Soviet Forum Tour \$495.00

(Price includes third class Trans-Atlantic
steamship, Tourist Class extra)

July-August, 1937, via London, Copenhagen,
Stockholm, Helsinki, Russia, Warsaw, Berlin.
Interesting extensions. Leadership staff and Ad-
visory Committee includes Samuel H. Cross,
Harvard; Henry Wadsworth Longfellow Dana;
Brewer Eddy; Grove Patterson; Gerold T. Rob-
inson, Columbia; Lucy Tector, Vassar; Harry
Frank; Upton Close; etc. Round Table discus-
sions with leaders of thought and opinion.

Write for Booklet C

WILLIAM M. BARBER
Babson Park Massachusetts

CHILDREN'S CAMP

camp farrington

(for children from 4 to 12)

• Situated on a five mile lake, thirty-
five miles from New York, Farrington
offers a progressive outdoor program for
35 boys and girls. The child's wellbeing
is the main goal. The usual camp "bal-
loo" or stereotyped educational phrases
cannot describe the flexible program of
"rich" living. Write,

FARRINGTON, R.F.D. No. 4
New Brunswick, N. J.

or

ESTHER CUSHMAN
240 East 15th St. New York City

CHILDREN BOARDED

CHILDREN BOARDED—farm life. Coun-
cillor, limited group. Wholesome food, high
altitude. Van Camp's, Mount Airy Road,
Croton-on-Hudson, New York. Phone:
Croton 508.

LANGUAGES

LANGUAGE PHONE SETS. Bought, sold, rented,
exchanged. Language Service, 507 5th Ave., N. Y.

CORRESPONDENCE CLUBS

DISGUSTED with the sham and hypocrisy
of our fairytale civilization? Join Contacts'
2100 worldwide, debunked members. Un-
usual books loaned free. Send 3c stamp.
Box 91 Station D, New York City.

HAPPINESS CIRCLE, the best antidote for the lack
of camaraderie. Enclose stamped envelope for details.
Dept. W. Box 107, Grand Central Annex, New York.

Contributors

EDMUND WILSON's latest book, "This Room and This Gin
and These Sandwiches," a collection of three plays deal-
ing with life in post-war Greenwich Village, is being
published this week as a New Republic Dollar Book.

H. N. BRAILSFORD, London correspondent for The New Re-
public, has just returned from a visit to Spain.

MARY HEATON VORSE, journalist, short-story writer and
novelist, has had a lifelong interest in the labor move-
ment both as a participant and as a commentator. She is
writing a book, "Labor Marches," on labor's new status.

NEWTON ARVIN is an associate professor of English at Smith
College. He is working on a book about Walt Whitman.

NORBERT GUTERMAN, a resident of New York City, writes
for magazines here and in Paris.

BERTRAM D. WOLFE is a right-wing Communist, a member
of the Lovestone group. He supplied the text for a book,
"Portrait of Mexico," whose illustrations were done by
Diego Rivera. It was published this spring by Covici,
Friede.

FRANCES WINWAR is the author of two biographical studies,
"Poor, Splendid Wings" and "The Romantic Rebels."
Her novel, "Gallows Hill," was published this spring
by Henry Holt and Company.

RICHARD VAUGHAN is the author of a novel, "Chalk and
Cheese," and the translator of Dr. Alfred Adler's "A
Challenge to Mankind."

The initials signed to the brief reviews are those of Byron
Dexter, Harry Thornton Moore, Harold Ward, Bruce
Bliven and Dan James.

New! Smart! Attractive!

CHAPEL HILL COUNTRY CLUB

ATLANTIC HIGHLANDS, NEW JERSEY

GORGEOUS ESTATE OF 200 ACRES

Formal lawns and acres of woodland
trails and bridle paths

Golf, tennis, handball, swimming, boating,
riding, archery, ping-pong, badminton

Dancing, Entertainment, Excellent Cuisine

RATES:

Daily \$6, \$7, \$8; Weekly \$35 up

For reservations call Atlantic Highlands 896 or write
P. O. Box 247, Atlantic Highlands, N. J.

FOR COMPLETE RELAXATION



VINEYARD LODGE

ULSTER PARK, N. Y.

"Garden Spot of Ulster County."

Where peace and tranquility reign supreme. Modern
hotel midst beautiful orchards, vineyards and wood-
land. All sports, solariums, swimming. Special June
Rates—\$16 weekly.

J. ROSENTHAL, Kingston, 157-J-2

HIL-BERT FARM CAMP

LAKE MAHOPAC, NEW YORK

Camp Phone: Mahopac 2083

TO PARENTS: who desire a summer haven for their
children. A real farm combining farm life with actual
camp experiences. Gardening, farm animals; relaxation,
supervised play; arts and crafts; tennis,
swimming, horseback riding.

BERT FRIEDBERG

Co-educational — Ages 4 to 12

Adults will be accommodated until July 1 and
after September 6.

TWIN PINES

Days fly by at Twin Pines
—every sport, dancing, enter-
tainment and music... at
attractive rates (\$25.00 in
June). De luxe accommo-
dations in new main house;
comfortable bungalow rooms.

TWIN PINES
ON TROUT LAKE
Samuel Saidel, Proprietor
Lake George New York

A Camp for Adults

BREEZEMONT PARK ARMONK, N. Y.

Pleasurable retreat for rest and solitude, among
scenic hills of Westchester Co. Hotel with
camp activities. 100-acre estate, private lake,
sports, golf nearby. 30 miles from city. excel-
lent cuisine, reasonable rates. Special 3-day
rates for Decoration Day week-end.

For information, write or telephone

ARMONK VILLAGE 956